

## THE WARDS OF THE FRENCH NATION

THE French Government are taking a step on behalf of the sufferers from the war which does credit to their consideration for their people and is most interesting in itself. Our own Parliament will doubtless do something equivalent in due course, but the French scheme is much more comprehensive than any that has so far been projected or even conceived in this country. The children of those parents who have been slain in battle or through the action of the enemy, as well as the children of those who, though not actually killed, have been so far wounded and disabled that they are no longer capable of supporting their families by their earnings, are, if they are in sufficient financial need, to be made, or may be made, the wards of the nation (*pupilles de la nation*). From the time when any of these orphaned children are accepted into this kind of wardship the nation will hold itself responsible for their protection, that is to say, for their keep, for their education, and, when they reach the suitable age, for placing them in some situation or trade or profession where they can earn their livelihood—conformably, we suppose, with the condition in life to which their parents belonged or for which their talents qualify them. Of course the nation can only exercise this office through its appointed representatives, and accordingly a whole system has been elaborated by those entrusted with the task of drawing out the *projet de loi*, which was accepted by the Senate in July last, and is to be brought before the Chamber of Deputies very shortly.

The text of this *projet*—or, as we should say, this Bill—is before us, and enables us to supply some of the details of a scheme which though good in itself gives rise to some anxiety among those in France who are solicitous about the religious liberty of the children that will come under its administration. First come eight Articles under the general heading of *Dispositions générales*, the first of which, as it defines what children are to be thus adopted and what is to be the nature of the adoption, we quote *verbatim*:

France adopts the orphans whose father or mother, or the support of whose family, has fallen in the course of the war of

1914 a victim, civil or military, of the enemy. Assimilated to these are the orphan children, born or conceived before the termination of the hostilities, whose father or mother, or the support of whose family, are incapable of earning their livelihood by labour because of wounds received or maladies contracted or aggravated by reason of the war. The children thus adopted have a right to the protection and the material and moral support of the State for their education under the conditions and limits provided for in the present law, and this till the attainment of their majority.

Then follow four Articles explaining terms used in the foregoing. By "the support of the family" is meant anyone who had undertaken the charge of supporting the family. By a "victim of the war" in his own person is meant anyone who has either been killed by the enemy, or, through wounds or maladies contracted or aggravated by the facts of the war, has suffered a total or partial diminution of his capacity for work. When the father or the support of the family is dead or reduced to a total incapacity of gaining his livelihood, the nation assumes the partial or total charge of the material support and of the education necessary for the normal development of the child, in cases where the resources of the family are insufficient.

Next comes an Article laying down the process by which this law is to be put in motion. The legal representative of the child, authorized for this purpose by a deliberation of the Family Council, or in default of this authorized by the intervention of the *Procureur* of the Republic, lays his demand before the tribunal, that is, we imagine, before the *tribunal civil*. This tribunal, assembled in its Council Chamber, after having taken the necessary informations and summoned the legal representative of the infant, decides whether the latter fulfils the necessary conditions to be considered a ward of the nation. Its judgment is notified to the legal representative of the infant by its Registrar, and a month is allowed for appeal on the part either of the representative of the infant or of the *ministère public*. Then the tribunal pronounces, without assigning its reasons, that "the nation adopts or does not adopt the minor X." This done the fact of the adoption is entered in the margin of the child's *acte de naissance*, and the adoption is complete.

In Title I. the Bill provides for the institution of an *Office national* to sit at Paris, an *Office departmental* to sit in the

chief city of each department, the former to have the supreme management of the whole system, and the latter to carry out more proximately the working of the system by seeing that the laws for the protection of children, together with the rules of the *Code civil* for the administration of the wardships, are carried out; placing out the children of the nation in families or institutions, or in public or private houses of education; determining the assignment and distribution of the subventions at their disposal for the maintenance of the children; supervising the philanthropic or professional associations or the private institutions that have received through the *Office départemental* the guardianship of the wards of the nation and seeing that they observe the conditions imposed by the regulations of the public administration; and lastly, by creating Cantonal Sections, the members of which shall be their delegates in each commune. The attributions of these Cantonal Sections are further defined to be those of assuring the control of the *Office départemental* over the wards residing in their districts, seeing that all the children of the victims of the war benefit by the advantages of the present law, facilitating the relations between the *Office départemental* and the private persons, associations, or groups who have wards of the nation under their charge; presenting for the approval of the *Office départemental* trustworthy persons of either sex to be placed on the Family Councils.

Article 12 of Title I. prescribes what shall be the *personnel* of these Offices and Cantonal Sections. The *Office national*, administered by the Superior Council of the Office under the presidency of the Minister of Public Instruction, is composed of thirty-nine members representing the nation, the *Conseils généraux et municipaux*, the *grands corps de l'Etat*, and the *groupements sociaux*. It is not necessary for us here to enumerate the components of this large body of notabilities, except to say that they include such persons as the President of the Municipal Council of Paris, the President of the General Council of the Seine, the Maires of the five largest cities of France, and the Presidents of the *Conseils généraux* of the five most populous departments in the country; also such persons as the Directors of primary, secondary, and higher education at the *ministère* of Public Instruction, together with Directors of agriculture, technical instruction, *Assistance publique*, and hygiene; also six delegates of either sex representing the three orders of public instruction, six

delegates of the *Conseil superieur of Assistance publique*, six delegates of the agricultural syndicates, and six delegates of the syndicates of employers and workmen; also two delegates of the co-operative associations of workmen engaged in works of production or consumption, four delegates of the Mutual Aid Societies, and twelve delegates of either sex, representing the philanthropical and professional associations that concern themselves with the protection of children. As these eighteen delegates are to be elected by the bodies they represent, a "regulation of public administration" is required and will be supplied to determine the method to be followed in their election. Also when these elections have taken place the *Office national* will add a contingent of women notable for their devotion to works for the protection of childhood or of the orphans of the war, the number of which may reach a quarter of the elected delegates.

In Article 15 of Title I. the *personnel* of the *Offices departementaux* is determined. These are to be presided over by the *Préfets* of the departments in question, and are to consist of members representing the locality, the State, and the social groups. Without going into the details we may say generally that the members of the *Offices departementaux* are drawn from the same categories as those of the *Office national*, except that, as far as we can make out, they are to be different from those who compose the *Office national*, and are to be taken respectively from the inhabitants of the departments themselves. Two representatives indeed are to be elected by the institutions of private benevolence, one of them having to be a woman, and this needs to be expressly stated, as there does not seem to be anything similar in the *personnel* assigned to the *Office national*. That there are to be three delegates of the Cantons is a point which needs to be also mentioned for the sake of completeness.

Title II., which is entitled "juridical measures of protection taken in behalf of the wards of the nation," has some important provisions. If within fifteen days from the opening of the wardship the competent relative has not requested the *Conseil de famille* to meet, the *juge de paix* of the place where the wardship has been opened is bound by his office to assemble the *Conseil de famille*, and he can, if he thinks proper, move for a legal decision excluding from this council any persons whom he considers incapable or unworthy. Also, if the persons indicated by the civil code as those who should



compose or complete it are wanting, he can appeal to members of the *Office departmental* of either sex, or of the Cantonal Sections, and next to any others who are approved of by the *Office departmental*, to take their place. At the same time a husband and wife cannot both be members of the same Family Council.

If there are no ascendants (*i.e.*, relatives placed above the infant in the family tree) or any guardian appointed by will, or if these are excused or excluded from the office of guardians, the Family Council can decide that the guardianship of the infant shall be entrusted to the *Office departmental*, which will then delegate it, subordinately to its own control, either to one of its own members or to any other person whatever, of one or the other sex, approved by itself. Also the father or mother of the ward, whichever dies latest, can name as a female guardian a sister, an aunt, or a great-aunt, provided that the female guardian thus named is unmarried or a widow; and these sisters, aunts, and grand-aunts of the wards can be called upon to form part of the Family Councils under the same conditions and be named guardians.

Article 22 lays down that the *Office departmental* is to protect the wards of the nation by instituting *conseillers* of wardship. This Office is also to see that the laws of obligatory education are observed with regard to the wards of the nation, at the same time respecting the liberty of the parent or guardians and the testamentary will of the father, as regards the choice of the means of their education. Also the Office must require that there shall be a meeting of the Family Council to decide on measures for protecting the person and interest of the child if it considers that its moral or material interests are compromised by the negligence or fault of the guardian. And if the Family Council fails to take these steps itself the *Office departmental* will invite the *procureur* of the Republic to insist on their taking them, or will apply to the tribunal to entrust the guardianship to the *Office departmental*.

At the first meeting of the Family Council the *juge de paix* is to make known to it the dispositions of the present law, and invite it to deliberate on the desirability of getting the *Office departmental* to designate a *conseiller de tutelle* (Councillor of Wardship), of either sex, to second the moral action of the guardian over the orphan and protect it in its life. If the guardianship is exercised by the mother or an ascendant rela-

tive, or by a testamentary guardian, the assent of the guardian, male or female, is indispensable for the appointment of a Councillor of Wardship, whom he has the right to propose, and whose selection is subordinate to his approval. If the guardianship is exercised by others than the ascendant relatives a Councillor of Wardship must always be appointed by the *Office départemental*, either on the proposition of the Family Council, or, if they fail to propose one, or the one they propose is not acceptable, by the Office of its own initiative. This Councillor of Wardship is not to interfere with the exercise of the paternal power or that of the guardian, but is to take care that the means awarded for the maintenance and education of the child are well employed. He is also to see that the child is not neglected, goes regularly to school or to the workshop, and is to propose to the *Office départemental* such other measures as he deems useful for the child. Also he can be removed by the same *Office* from his duties, either at his own request or upon that of the mother, or guardian, etc.

A third Title regulates the placing of the wards of the nation in schools or businesses. The following paragraph needs to be especially weighed on account of its importance from the point of view which concerns us in this article:

On the demand of the guardians, or the guardians delegated by the *Offices départementaux* . . . the wards of the nation may be entrusted through the intermediation of the same Office either to public institutions or to foundations, associations or groups, or to private persons that present the necessary guarantees; and a regulation of public administration will with the advice of the Superior Council of the *Office national* fix these conditions. Further, if the institutions, foundations, etc., in question are in a single department only, the necessary authorization for this will be given by an *arrêté* of the *Préfet* with the advice of the *Office départemental*; if in institutions extending to several departments by the *arrêté* of the Minister of Public Instruction with the advice of the Superior Council of the *Office national*.

There are other provisions in the text of this *projet*, but what we have given is sufficient to explain its general character, and its danger-points which are causing anxiety to the Catholics of France. As we have acknowledged, the scheme is good in itself and, so far as it provides the means of subsistence and education for those whose parents have fallen

or been disabled in the war, all French parents, Catholic as well as non-believers, will welcome it as a fine act of acknowledgment and generosity on the part of their country, for which they have made such sacrifices. But what about the safeguarding of the religious liberty of the children and the consciences of their parents or guardians? What cannot fail to impress the Catholics of France who attach the first importance to the Catholic faith which they have inherited from their ancestors, and wish to have their children brought up to cherish it and understand it as they do themselves, is that throughout the text of this *projet* there is barely any, if any security, that parents of the children can take, or that the guardians appointed by the parents, or having the parents' confidence, can take to ensure that the children, if made wards of the nation, will be brought up as Catholics, and in schools or homes where the Catholic faith is taught and loved. The word "religion" does not appear a single time in the text from which we have made these extensive quotations. It may indeed be intended to lie hid under the term "moral," which occurs once or twice in this text, or in the provision that the children may be sent either to State institutions or to foundations, or public or *private* houses of education which present the necessary guarantees, or to the clause prescribing that the liberty of parents and guardians or the testamentary will of the father shall be respected as regards the choice of the means of their children's education; or to the provision that in placing out the wards the *Office departmental* may entrust them to public or *private* institutions, or to foundations, associations, or groups, or to *private persons who offer the necessary guarantees*. This, however, is somewhat vague, and cannot of itself afford much ground for confidence to Catholic parents or guardians.

And what cannot fail to increase their anxiety is the further uncertainty in which the *projet* leaves them as to the extent to which their control over their children will be left to them or taken from them by the *Office departmental* in its exercise of this power. Fervent Catholics attach such a primary importance to the preservation of their children's faith, and love of their faith, that they would prefer in most instances that they should lose the advantage of the financial provisions made for their children by the law if by enjoying them they would run the risk of being deprived of their faith. Yet that alternative seems to be distinctly taken from the parents

in regard to those who are qualified to become the children of the nation. This projected law is to be set in motion by the surviving parent or other legal representative of the infant under the authorization of the Family Council. So far well. We foreigners do not indeed understand what is the precise significance of this intervention of the Family Council. It occurs to us that frequently, while the parents of the child are good Catholics, those who constitute or dominate the Family Council may not be so, and yet may use the considerable power they have to obstruct the parent's wish to have the children brought up Catholics. This to our mind would be intolerable, but we feel that on this point we are not in a position to judge. It may be that the system of Family Councils is so engrained in French usage, that it would be difficult to avoid its intervention in the decision. The matter, however, is one on which a French critic is alone qualified to judge, and doubtless the Catholic members of the Chamber will have their eyes upon it, and call attention to it, if thought to be desirable. At all events it is to be noted that, if the legal representative of the child neglects to call the Family Council, the *tribunal civil* takes upon itself to collect the information, and, if the qualifications seem to place the child in the category of those entitled to be wards of the nation, it pronounces it to be such, apparently without the legal representative, even if a parent, having any further say in the matter. When once the state of wardship has been declared the power over the child is transferred into the hands of the *Office national* and *departmental* which seem to be almost absolute. One or two provisions are to guide them, but these do not seem to go beyond the points to which we have called attention, and are quite vague enough to be interpreted in accordance with the ideas and temperament of those who represent or act for the governing authorities of the *Office national*. Take for instance the following as an illustration of what we mean: According to Tit. II., Art. 20, the *juge de paix* can solicit a judicial decision for the removal or exclusion of members of the Family Council whom he considers incapable or untrustworthy for its purpose. Would it enable him to exclude persons on the ground, expressed or concealed, that they were priests or nuns; or to exclude any from the office of guardianship on these or equivalent grounds; or exclude schools or institutions taught or conducted by priests or religious as insufficiently guaranteed, even should the sur-

viving parent, as would often be the case with Catholic parents, emphatically wish them to be brought up under the care of the managers of such institutions? It may be said that the clauses referred to are obviously necessary to meet contingencies that might occur, and that is true. But after their experience of anti-clerical ways during the last two decades and more, down to the outbreak of the present war, Catholic parents in France cannot but be suspicious of the kind of men who were in power then and may still be in power afterwards and will in any case have the parliamentary majority to formulate as they will and pass this *projet* into law.

Nor can it tend to allay their suspicions that the man who fathered this new *projet* in the Senate last spring was M. Viviani, the very man who once boasted that his party had put out the lights of heaven throughout France, or that there can be read affixed to the walls of every commune in the land a declaration in which this statesman explains that the *Préfet*, that usually anti-clerical personage who, if the Bill becomes law, will become the practical master of all these fourteen hundred thousand children (as it is thought they will number), if he differs from any of their numbers as to what shall be their future, "will be obliged to interfere . . . in order to oppose that egoism which sometimes mingles with the complex and indefinable tenderness that is in the heart of a mother." Or, again, are these suspicions likely to be removed by the episode to which M. Maurice Barrès called attention in his article in the *Echo de Paris* for Feb. 12th, 1917? From the *Revue du Clergé français* for March 1st, which reproduces M. Barrès' article, we learn that M. Gaston d'Allain, *Préfet* of l'Aveyron, wrote recently to the Maire de Brandonnet directing him to send information as soon as possible "what school, public or private, was attended by the children of school age, of a list of heads of families who were entitled by the law of July 14, 1913, to a grant of public money in recognition of the size of their family." Obviously what this suggested was that, if it proved that any of these children attended a private, that is, a Catholic, school, their parents would find the grant due to them withheld. At M. Barrès' instance M. Denis Cochin drew the attention of the Minister of the Interior to this prefectorial inquiry. In reply he was assured that the *Préfet* had merely meant to ascertain if the children went to school at all, as the law

required, and that he would be reprimanded for wording his letter in a way that would create "the false impression that pupils of the public and private schools would be treated differently." That might seem to be a satisfactory reply, but M. Barrès presumably knows his officials when he observes: "Here then is a Préfet who will in future modify the wording of his inquiries. Will he also modify his decisions?" What wonder then that the Catholic parents of France are filled with intense anxiety just now, and that the French Cardinals have placed themselves at the head of the movement to resist these aspects of the *projet*. (See two excellent articles on the subject by M. Maurice Barrès in the *Echo de Paris* for March 22 and April 12, 1916; transcribed in the *Revue du clergé Français* for April 15 and May 15, 1916.) Will then these politicians who are likely to have control of the country persist after the war in the spirit that animated them before it, or will the war prove to have made a change in them, so far, that is to say, that they will henceforth be determined, especially in regard to what relates to religion, that all who have fought for France shall be treated alike, and have their religious convictions respected and arranged for?

This, as we have already acknowledged, is a matter on which we in England can only imperfectly judge. For it is a problem inextricably mixed up with French ideas and habits, and only Frenchmen can handle it surely. We ourselves only invite the attention of our own readers to it, because of the sympathy we have for our fellow Catholics across the Channel who have in past days helped us far more than we can ever help them in their religious trials. They intend too, as we are aware, to make the best use of their position in their own country and of their parliamentary rights, to vindicate the cause of their children in the coming time of crisis, as they have done so well on kindred occasions in the past. But it occurs to us that we may possibly help them now by calling attention to the way in which the same religious question is dealt with by the legislation and administration of our own country. For though we have no such system of far-reaching adoption before us at present, we are quite certain how, if it did come up, its religious aspects would be dealt with, inasmuch as for a long time past there have been several categories of children for the administration of whose temporal affairs and education the State or the municipalities



have to make themselves responsible. Such are the children in the Poor Law, the Reformatory, and Industrial Schools. The method of dealing with the question of their religious education is laid down quite distinctly by the Acts of Parliament, and is carried out accordingly, in a spirit of fairness and cordiality, by the various branches of the administration. In the first place there is the system of the Creed Register which has to be kept in all the certified Poor Law schools or institutions, indeed for a long time past in every certified school or institution whatever. In this the Master or Superintendent is bound to enter, after having made due inquiries, the religious creed of every child on his list. If under twelve years of age the child's creed is held to be that of its father, if this can be found out by reasonable inquiry, and otherwise that of its mother, if hers can be ascertained. If it should appear, as it often does in the case of the child of a Protestant father but Catholic mother, that the child has been brought up Catholic by the father's wish, formal or interpretative, then it is this that determines what is to be entered as the creed of the child, as several legal decisions have decided. Occasionally there are mistakes in the entries in the Creed Register due to misunderstandings or otherwise, and in that case only the Local Government Board, or other equivalent Department, is allowed to correct them. But the Department, if the facts are laid before it, are habitually fair in their judgments and authorize the corrections without difficulty if equitable. It is a further protection to the children that the Creed Register is always accessible to the minister officiating at the nearest church or chapel of each religious denomination, to any ratepayer, and likewise to the Guardians of the Poor of any district (many of whom are either Catholic themselves or fair-minded towards Catholics). As these authorized persons make a point of constantly examining the Creed Register, especially to see about any fresh entries, there is nowadays not much chance of a child's real religion remaining unobserved, and if need be rectified; nor, it is to be freely acknowledged, is there, save perhaps in the rarest instances, any disposition on the part of the local or other authorities, or of the officials, to show anything but readiness to pay the needful respect to the child's religion, in accordance with the Creed Register. There have it is true been in past days active contests in some places in the endeavour to protect the just claims of Catholic children, and

it may be in some spots here and there local bigotry still tries to assert itself. But the law is too certain and resolute, under the sanction of the Poor Law Amendment Act of 1834, which provides that

no rules or orders of the Local Government shall authorize the education of any child in any workhouse [to which since then all certified schools and institutions have been assimilated] in any religious creed other than that professed by the parents or the surviving parent, and to which such parents shall object, or, in the case of an orphan, in which the godfather or godmother of such orphan shall object. And a parent may request the attendance of a minister of his own creed to instruct his children.

To all which must be added that a child over twelve, if the Local Government considers it competent to exercise a reasonable judgment on the subject, is entitled to be brought up in the creed for which it elects, the entry in the Creed Register being corrected accordingly. Nor is the English legislature or administration narrow-minded in its conception of what the education of its children in the religion of their parents involves. Whilst the child is still at the workhouse (to give it its technical but objectionable and now almost obsolete name) it is entitled to be visited and instructed by a minister of its own denomination, and must either be sent out on Sundays to some service of this denomination if within reasonable reach, or be provided with such a service within the precincts of the workhouse. But this is only a temporary arrangement, for it is considered in these days demoralizing that children, merely because their parents are poor, or even if they themselves have been criminal (for they are still children with their lives before them), unendurable that they should be brought up in the surroundings of the workhouse or the prison. Accordingly they are as quickly as possible drafted off to suitable schools, which are called either Poor Law Schools, or Industrial Schools, or Reformatory Schools. By an understanding with the Government, the different denominations, or those among them who feel more strongly about their religious convictions, such as the Catholics, the Anglicans, and some of the Nonconformist sects, build at their own expense schools of these three sorts, in conformity with the standard prescribed by the Government, after which they are able to get them certified by the Government Department to which the children appertain, and then the children of the denomination are placed with them, of course under

the inspection of the Department, the arrangement being that the Department pays so much a head for their keep, and fixes the programme of their secular education. There are also corresponding schools set up by the municipalities, where what is called the Cowper-Temple system of undenominational education is prescribed. The children of most of the Dissenting sects are sent there by the wish of their parents, and so we fancy are most of those who by their parents' wish have been entered in the Creed Register as "of no religion." Some few Catholics by the wish of their parents or by some oversight may get there too. But though in these Cowper-Temple Schools no dogmatic teaching is permitted, the general principle prevails that each child must have such facilities as are available for being brought up in the religion of its parents, which may be Catholic, Church of England, Wesleyan, etc., or "no religion," the latter being sent to no religious worship and receiving only what is called moral instruction as distinguished from religious instruction.

There are other points of a complementary kind which should be studied, to understand the English system thoroughly. For a summary account of them all a reader may be referred to the pages under the heading *Acts of Parliament affecting Catholics*, which appear each year in the *English Catholic Directory*, or to Mr. W. C. Maude's *Religious Rights of the Catholic Poor*, an excellent little booklet on the Catholic Truth Society's list. And in this connection mention must by all means be made of the Catholic Guardians Association, a most valuable society, the membership of which is made up for the greater part of persons who are Guardians of the Poor themselves, and are thoroughly informed and alert as to all that affects the rights of the Catholic poor; and not theirs only, for they hold their office by popular election, and deem it to be their duty to see that, not the Catholics only, but all belonging to their constituencies, of whatever religion or of no religion, have their rights enforced as regards themselves or their children when these come under the Poor Law. It is this knowledge among the people generally that the Catholic Guardians will stand up impartially for all classes and not their own merely, and will advocate their causes with a dexterity mingled with reserve, which makes them so acceptable to the electors generally at time of election, and at all times to the official class, whose ways they know and who in their turn know that they will not ask for what is unreasonable.

or not in conformity with the law. The upshot of the whole system thus prevailing in the country is that, in spite of the many religious differences that divide it, there is so much and such increasing harmony among the different sections of the population. We have, indeed, our educational troubles, but they are not in this field; and are not so much with the central government as with a few of the local governments, and regard the day schools not the institutions or State guardianships. In many respects, too, there is progressive improvement in these respects.

It is for our French Catholic friends to consider whether what we have indicated furnishes any precedents they can press upon their own rulers and people, at this time when all are looking forward to the removal of the deepest grievances and to works of reconstruction that are to renew the strength of the nation when peace returns, and be its firm defence against future attacks from without, and an even firmer defence against those internal troubles and commotions which are sure to arise periodically and disturb the peace from within if seeds of dissension, such as conflicts over matters of conscience, are left to germinate. But, as we bring this article to a close, we light upon the arresting manifesto on *Reforms necessaires* just published by the French *Corporation des publicistes chrétiens*, which is based upon the very thought we have been expressing. French readers are sure to be familiar with it by the time this article is in the reader's hands, and, as it is transcribed by the *Revue pratique d'Apologétique* for February 1st, we commend it as instructive for English readers to examine. It may perhaps hold out some hopes of better things to come for poor France when the war is over, and it enables us to finish this article on the note with which we commenced it; and describe this new scheme for the creation of the *pupilles de la nation* as finely conceived and only needing one modification to make it an acceptable gift to *all* the victims of the war. It would be quite unthinkable that the Chambers should pass a law, thanking the French fathers who have given their lives for their country, and assuring them that in return their grateful country would see to it that the eyes of all their children should be put out. Yet Catholic parents in earnest about their faith would feel that of the two the extinction of the eyes of their children's souls would be a worse evil than the extinction of the eyes of their bodies.

And further, as we have been suggesting some precedents of detail from English usage which, if adopted by the French nation, might relieve some of the difficulties of French administration, may we not suggest to the rulers and men of influence among our chief allies a more general adoption of the English system of religious toleration? It is a pity that there should be so much division of opinion among them as to fundamental and vital matters of religious conduct; but if this must be is it not best to lighten and reduce the points of variance and bitter conflict between them rather than to multiply and aggravate them? In England we have learnt to do this very extensively. There are doubtless outstanding fanatics who are ever striving to make conflicts as bitter as possible by striving to impose their own ideas on others by administrative penalties. But on the whole we over here have learnt that it is better to live and let live; to let those who believe and those who disbelieve have churches of their own, and schools of their own; and we have learnt by experience that on this basis the different sections of the nation can live together and even form friendships and work together cordially for common objects of public welfare or philanthropy.

---

S. F. S.

## ECCE HOMO

AH! my dear wounded Lord,  
Since I do see Thee now  
With thorns upon Thy brow,  
I know Thee mine Ador'd.

Who else but Love Divine  
Would wear such weeds of woe  
And thus disfigur'd go,  
To win this soul of mine?

Who else but He would take  
That wreath my life hath twin'd,  
And so His temples bind,  
That I might miss its ache?

Thy Face, dear Lord, appears  
My Star of Hope to me,  
For now I come to Thee  
By right of Thine own tears.

E. SETON.

## THE "GOD" OF MR. WELLS

**M**R. WELLS in his latest book, *Mr. Britling sees it Through*, has written perhaps the best novel on the war, so far. He has done what no other writer has done, namely, traced the development in mind of an ordinary intelligent Englishman from the contented, semi-critical, ante-war stage through the successive phases of bewilderment, despair, indignation, grief and hope, till out of those emotions is born a new conception of duty to self and to the nation and a new conception of God's relation with man. This infinitely difficult task has been accomplished with striking success. For in *Mr. Britling* a person is presented to us sufficiently like the rest of Englishmen to be a universal portrait, and yet skilfully idealised to be the medium of many far-reaching thoughts clearly and brilliantly expressed. Mr. Britling says explicitly what most of us have felt but not had the power to say, and he is like a mesmerist telling us what we must have thought, and further how we ought to be thinking now.

Yet it is not on the story that I wish to dwell, but on the religious opinions expressed in the book, as being, assuredly, Mr. Wells' own opinions. No doubt he starts off to depict a character far different from his own, a writer of some fame who "contributes occasionally Third Leaders to *The Times*." One might make a very shrewd guess at the person he is really thinking of, though it is for the Literary Supplement that person writes, and not Third Leaders either. But as usually happens, Mr. Wells soon drops this character and substitutes his own, and Mr. Britling's reflections become merely Mr. Wells' in disguise. They are worth attention, not so much for their own sake, but because in each succeeding book of this author we see his mental laboratory,—the experiments in new directions, the increasing grasp of life, and the steady growth, to change the metaphor, towards the old orthodoxy. He never puts the brake on his thought; there is no full stop; he is frank enough to own that his views are but tentative; and even now in *Mr. Britling*, we hope most sincerely, that Mr. Wells has not reached the end of the chapter.

He has awakened to the notes of God's love. As with many others, this war has shattered old ideals, has shown the



insufficiency of man. After lingering, in F. Thompson's words, "on man builded for pride, potency, infinity, all heights, all depths and all immensities," he has suddenly found him "successive unto nothing but patrimony of a little mould." The serene contemplation of a federation of man, and the God of peace enshrined in a democracy, has been broken into by the hideous cry of war and fraternal hatred. The old story of Cain, of Rachel weeping for her children that are not, have laid in the dust the ambitions of a merely human ideal and have sent the soul shivering to God. But as, alas! so often happens, God, though He now comes into the picture, is not accepted without questioning, without surmise. He is made but to answer a doubt, and is really a *Deus ex machina*. He is made to appear like a fairy and to subserve the wish and ideal of the hero. And so we find Mr. Wells embittered by the waste of human hopes and life calling on a God who must throw off His Omnipotence and come as a creature of Love,—finite and weak even as man, yet a Consoler bringing companionship against the immutable advance of Necessity. The passage in which this ideal is drawn is a dialogue between Letty and Mr. Britling.

Letty regarded him frowning, and with her chin between her fists. . . .

"But do you really believe," said Letty, "that things can be better than they are?"

"But—Yes!" said Mr. Britling.

"I don't," said Letty. "The world is cruel. It is just cruel. So it will always be."

"It need not be cruel," said Mr. Britling.

"It is just a place of cruel things. It is all set with knives. It is full of diseases and accidents. As for God—either there is no God or he is an idiot. He is a slobbering idiot. He is like some idiot who pulls off the wings of flies."

"No," said Mr. Britling.

"There is no progress. Nothing gets better. How can *you* believe in God after Hugh? Do you believe in God?"

"Yes," said Mr. Britling after a long pause; "I do believe in God."

"Who lets these things happen!" She raised herself on her arm and thrust her argument at him with her hand. "Who kills my Teddy and your Hugh—and millions."

"No," said Mr. Britling.

"But he *must* let these things happen. Or why do they happen?"

"No," said Mr. Britling. "It is the theologians who must answer that. They have been extravagant about God. They have had silly, absolute ideas—that he is all powerful. That he's omni-everything. But the common sense of men knows better. Every real religious thought denies it. After all, the real God of the Christians is Christ, not God Almighty; a poor mocked and wounded Christ nailed on a cross of matter. . . . Some day he will triumph. But it is not fair to say that he causes all things now. It is not fair to make out a case against him. You have been misled. It is a theologian's folly. God is not absolute; God is finite. . . . A finite God who struggles in his great and comprehensive way as we struggle in our weak and silly way—who is *with* us—that is the essence of all real religion. . . . I agree with you so— Why! if I thought there was an Omnipotent God who looked down on battles and deaths and all the waste and horror of this war—able to prevent these things—doing them to amuse himself—I would spit in his empty face. . . ."

"Anyone would. . . ."

"But it's your teachers and catechisms have set you against God. . . . They want to make out he owns all Nature. And all sorts of silly claims. Like the heralds in the Middle Ages who insisted that Christ was certainly a great gentleman entitled to bear arms. But God is within Nature and necessity. Necessity is a thing beyond God—beyond good and ill, beyond space and time, a mystery everlastingly impenetrable. God is nearer than that. Necessity is the uttermost thing, but God is the innermost thing. Closer he is than breathing and nearer than hands and feet. He is the Other Thing than this world. Greater than Nature or Necessity, for he is a spirit and they are blind, but not controlling them. . . . Not yet. . . ."

"They always told me he was the maker of Heaven and Earth."

"That's the Jew God the Christians took over. It's a Quack God, a Panacea. It's not my God."

Letty considered these strange ideas.

Readers will, no doubt, detect in this a certain resemblance to the views of Bernard Shaw as propounded, for example, before the Heretic Society at Cambridge some years ago. God is no Lucretian being dwelling "in the lucid interspace of world and world, where no human sorrow mounts to mar his sacred everlasting calm," but a finite being as helpless as ourselves; somewhat to be pitied, whom we can aid and help, and who in turn can help us. But Mr. Wells rises higher than this. His religion is more reverent, more poig-

nant. The cry of humanity broken on the wheel is to be heard by a Friend who can rescue us by love if not by Omnipotence; who hates the blind inexorableness of Necessity "*non lenis precibus fata recludere.*" But for him, God must doff Omnipotence. The latter is, at present, his *bête noire*, and it may be well to recall that Mr. Wells is not alone in his dislike. For of all problems, which have ever beset the mind of man, that of the relation of moral evil to an Almighty God is, perhaps, the most real; and the best intellects of most civilizations have peered into the mystery, sometimes escaping it by the road of Mr. Britling, and sometimes reaching the reconciliation as given by the Catholic Church. Mr. Wells seems to forget this, and his own theology, staccato and fierce as it is, sounds crude beside the deep reflections of former thinkers. For how, in his explanation, solve the relation between this finite God and this infinite Nature? Is he its product?—its creation? Is he to be eternally baffled by it, thwarted and defeated? He says, No; but why not? He, the finite, stands before an infinite Necessity; yet he the finite "is the greater," for with more than Omnipotence he can control what is necessary. Again, he is not the author of ill, but neither is necessity, for "it is beyond good and ill."

This absence of any thorough explanation of how Nature and God are related to each other might involve either a shadowy form of Manicheanism, where the two powers wrestle with each other for ever, or else the Greek idea of all pervading Fate, and the gods playing within its vast circuit. Indeed Mr. Wells is, I have said, on the fringe of many of the philosophies of old. In the Greek dramatists and historians we find Ananké, a power separate from the gods, yet greater than they; for even they cannot change it. Necessity is too great for any Olympian to have authority over it. As in the words which end the *Philoctetes*,—"Man must go whither the mighty Moira doth convey him, and the All-Compelling Daimon who has consummated these things."<sup>1</sup> And in Herodotus, for instance, the story is well known, how the gods in their affection for Cræsus delayed his inevitable fate for a few years, but could avail to do no more. This conception so deeply rooted in the Greek mind is worked out in Plato. In

<sup>1</sup> ὅθ' ἡ μεγάλη Μοῖρα κομίζει . . . . καὶ Πανδαιμόνιος Δαίμων ἔς τ' αὐτ' ἐπέκρανεν. The reference in *Δαίμων* is disputed, but I think both Hercules and Zeus to be out of the question and follow Hermann in taking it to be personified fate.

the *Republic* and other works Plato hints at a reality, which is beyond God, Being, anything we can conceive of. It is the vast plenitude of all things, within which shadows and objects are contained. Here again God is under the yoke of something greater, namely, the system which is beyond its parts, which is the harmony and proportion of the universe. But in the *Timæus* this final explanation is modified somewhat so as to allow in the Ultimate of the contrast of a God who is a Designer, a geometrician, with a formless receptacle which is under certain aspects greater than God, and yet capable of modification from Him.

Here we see the attempt to get beyond the difficulty of Necessity and God, in the positing of something which is "over and beyond reality itself." Given this foundation later Neo-Platonists, and Plotinus especially, worked out an elaborate account of the ascent from Psyché to Nous and thence to the One, which is the principle or Form from which all things proceed, but is not itself of them or among them. This percolated even into the mysticism of the Middle Ages. And often when a mystic goes astray from Catholic teaching, it is through a too literal agreement with Plato's hints and Plotinus' teaching. This tendency received its quietus for a time when Spinoza wove the two conflicting conceptions of God and Nature into his *Natura Naturans* and *Natura Naturata*.

But, really, for a definite point of view which would have fitted in with Mr. Wells' aspirations, there was no need for this curious development. For in Plato a definite and plausible suggestion was offered, satisfactory as long as the ambition for a unity or synthesis be forsaken. Given a certain absolute value to both matter and spirit, it might be claimed that, since they were of entirely different orders and therefore not comparable, one could preserve the reality of God without defect as well as that of Necessity or Nature. For they could both be perfect in unique ways, and the perfection of one would not mean any infringement on the perfection of the other. They would be as distinct from each other as, say, a promontory from a virtue. And this distinction, it has been pointed out recently, is implicit in language and even in religious thought. T. H. Green, for instance, incorporated into his thought the Pauline phraseology of the quickening spirit and the bondage of the flesh,—though, of course, he sought a reconciliation. It is only Catholic philosophy which

has maintained their real distinctness, and yet kept God as the Author of all.

Coming back again to Mr. Britling, we can now understand, perhaps, better what course he has taken, and how old and human is the belief he thought to find rest in. We readily acknowledge that he has joined the ranks of many ardent and spiritual souls. But he has declared against Omnipotence; he has made an impossible chasm between God and Nature, and he has said bitter things to those who call themselves Christians, and yet make God the master of "Necessity." But surely his bitterness of spirit has carried him too far! The pain of loss, the deep-felt sorrow at the misery of this war have taught him religion, have cut into his soul and made him suffer truly spiritual experiences. But it was not such that taught him "to spit at" Omnipotence; for let him look around, let him look across the waters to France and see how agonies more poignant than his own have made men and women clasp their hands in prayer to One Omnipotent, yes, and even glory, as Péguy gloried, in this very Omnipotence. Surely Mr. Wells forgets that the cry for an Omnipotent God is just as deep a religious experience as that which cries for a human Lover, *qui potest compati doloribus nostris!* Not the Son of Man only do we long for and pray to, but also the Son of God; the Son of a Father of Infinite Power and Majesty. And if he were to scan the pages of the lives of those who, I know, even Mr. Wells would admit have pored longer over Divine things, and penetrated far further into life's secrets, the saints who by sorrow and tribulation passed to the Kingdom of Heaven, he would find that they did not spit in the face of the Almighty, but took into their hearts, as the supreme joy, the life of the Omnipotent God. They did not set out to measure God by their own puny standards; they went reverently to ponder over mysteries, and, like Job, held hand before mouth in silence and lowly astonishment, when God deigned to offer explanations.

From this it will be seen that Mr. Wells in his pilgrimage has not attained the City of True Light, but he has stopped midway, crying out his discovery, and alas! calling people to witness that the path onward is a delusion. But if he were to fall into reflection again, he would find himself still a wanderer. The inn he stayed at can offer no rest to the spirit. Is it really consoling to learn that God and Nature are engaged in a conflict, and that God is baffled even as we are by

Necessity? What assurance can be given us of the final triumph of God, when the struggle is so uncertain, nay when Necessity, at this awful moment, seems to be trampling under foot so much of the good wrought by God? Clearly, Mr. Wells has no right to prophesy a divine triumph from his own standpoint; and, if he cannot, then, in St. Paul's words, we are the most miserable of men. For whence are we? Come we from God or Nature? And whither do we go? When will this strife cease between the Infinite and the Finite Divinity? Can the Infinite cease warring? Can we escape it by flight to the Finite?<sup>1</sup>

And it is of no avail to appeal to Christ, and to decry theologians and the Church. For it is untrue that the Church has forgotten Christ in a system. No reader of the lives of Teresa or Francis Xavier or the Curé d'Ars could dare to say that. And no reader of the Church's theology could deride its reverent delineation of God's Attributes and their reconciliation with one another. Mr. Britling does not understand the theology of the Catholic, and he is even in error when he appeals to Christ. An intimate study of the New Testament does not tell us of Mr. Britling's God. *Non ita didici Christum*. Jesus Christ in the Synoptists, to say nothing of the writings of St. John or St. Paul, is a Being of surpassing majesty and power. He says to disease: "Go!" and it goeth; and to Death, that it is His servant. He quells the storms with a word, and casts out a legion of devils. He has but to call on the Father, and straightway angels would be His bodyguard. There is no trace of weakness here,—nothing but the Majesty of the Son of God.

There are indeed mysterious refusals in His Life; appeals for more faith. There is further a great mystery, in that He apparently achieved so little, came but to the children of Israel, and lived in obscurity for so long. But this mystery is not explained in any way by dismantling our Saviour of His Omnipotence. The whole story of the Incarnation is spoilt, if it tell not of the Son of God, who humbled Himself, taking upon Himself our human nature, and not snatching at His Divinity. The wondrous prophecy of Isaiah would become naught: "All we like sheep have gone astray; everyone hath turned aside into his own way; and the Lord hath

<sup>1</sup> I have thought it better to criticise Mr. Wells from a religious rather than from a philosophical standpoint. But what a curious idea of Omnipotence lurks in his thought. It must, he seems to think, always level God to a juggernaut.



laid on Him the iniquity of us all." Naught too the parable of the vineyard, naught the mystery of the Agony, the Cross and the Redemption. "Greater love than this no man hath, that a man lay down his life for his friends."

To the soul that realizes the full meaning of the Incarnation, the outcry against Omnipotence cannot but seem an utter misconception of Christianity. For in this realization the story of the Fall leading up to that of the Redemption, is a unity with tremendous significance. How the Father sends His only-begotten Son as the Sign of Forgiveness, of Omnipotence penetrated through and through with Love; and how through the voluntary death of the Son the Father triumphs and saves the world. For Mr. Britling the conflict is still in progress. God is not yet Master. But for the true Christian, the hosts of Satan are beaten already,—the work of salvation is accomplished. "Fear not, little children, for I have overcome the world." Let Mr. Britling add one other to his former experiences,—let him be present at the liturgy of the Catholic Church on Holy Saturday or Easter Morn. There he will see Omnipotence, and Omnipotence victorious by love,—*Mors et vita duello conflixere mirando. Dux est vita; regnat vivus*. Or if this pageant of triumph be inaccessible, perhaps the memory of the Catacombs may loosen the scales from his eyes. There mid death, loss of friends and persecution, can be seen the symbols of peace and joy which no man can take away. There may be felt the virtues of Faith and Hope, virtues which reside in the belief of an Omnipotent, an All-loving God.

No! No! Mr. Britling, you cannot take away Omnipotence from God, for without it even Love fails. You have built on sand, and your house has been carried away by the violence of an emotion half in love with itself. But Omnipotence cannot be wrested from God.<sup>1</sup> It is the Lord God "Who cometh with strength and whose arm shall rule, that feedeth His flock like a shepherd and gathers together the lambs with His arms." In the deepest religious emotions,—in the valley of the shadow of death,—alone an Almighty can save, alone suffice. Pagans have thought of Him as a Zeus of the Thunderbolt, though even the Lord of Nature tends the lilies of the fields and is

<sup>1</sup> A prize essayist in the Saturday *Westminster Gazette* competition, says of Mr. Britling's deity: "It remains to be seen whether the new deity who would help if he could might not prove as great an encumbrance in practice as the traditional Almighty who could help if He would."

a gentle Husbandman. But as Lord of Man, Omnipotence and Love kiss. In the unique relation set up between God and Man, the First Person of the Trinity becomes a Father, the Second Person a Brother, and more than a brother. "I have loved thee with an everlasting love." The true meaning of Christianity Mr. Britling has yet to learn, though he is on the verge of the truth. He has caught a glimpse of the Son of Man on the rood of death. May he now learn that "Death is swallowed up in victory," that precisely in this oblation did the Father choose in His Omnipotent way, best to establish and ratify His love! And through this oblation are we purchased and manumitted. We now share in the victory; we no longer stand and eye Nature with a grave dismay, for the King-Maker of Creation has united it to us, with loving and lowly might; so that the soul quitted of death-neighbouring swoon

Can hear my sister from the moon  
And take the kindred kisses of the stars.

MARTIN D'ARCY.

## GETHSEMANE

**L**ORD, we have seen with slumber-laden eyes  
Thy love and pain 'neath lonely Olivet  
And all the crimson wonder of Thy sweat,  
When, laying out Thy priceless merchandise,  
Foolish in trade, in Love's high commerce wise,  
Thou gav'st Thy Blood to whelm us in Thy debt;  
For so rich loan we promis'd payment; yet  
Unsolv'd in sad Gethsemane it lies.

When shall we cross that paltry pebble-cast  
That parts Thy vigil from our shameful ease?  
Or if with dread we watch Thy combat's close  
Nor dare to join Thee yonder on Thy Knees,  
Shall we not pray, taught by the bitter past,  
Lest base we lead or rash we smite Thy foes?

A. V. PHILLIPS.

## PATSY

### A PORTRAIT.

**I** THINK he was one of the bravest souls I ever knew, but he was not a soldier.

I met him first many years ago. It happened in this way. A friend who was going away for a summer holiday said to me: "Will you look up a little boy for me? He lives in those condemned houses down Church Road. His name is Patsy B——. Go and see him for yourself."

I went one day. It was a summer day when the dust is heavy and wanton useless pieces of paper play thriftless games about the pavements. The slum houses of our suburb looked very gaunt and sordid against the clean summer sky. Hot and dirty children sprawled on doorsteps, happy enough—for your slum child is a very happy person in most cases. Given health, a mere sufficiency of food, and parents of tolerable kindness, the slum child lives a life of interest and social pleasure that leaves the overcared and solitary offspring of large houses far behind.

I came at last to Patsy's door. It stood half open, and as nobody was about I went in. It was the typical Dublin house, entirely unsuited to its owners: high, inconvenient, old and sordid.

There was just one person in the room—a little boy fast asleep with his head on the table. He sat on a hard chair, his legs dangling; near him lay a pair of crutches. The feckless flies of summer buzzed and hummed about him and about a largely bitten piece of bread and jam that lay on a chipped plate near him.

His mother came in. She was the harassed but devoted mother of seven sons and three very small daughters. She wanted to rouse him but I begged her to let him sleep. To rouse the sleeping is surely one of the corporal works of cruelty.

"Ah!" she explained, "it's little enough sleep he gets at night. He does be lying awake most times, but he won't let on for fear of troubling us."

I asked the conventional questions about the causes of the diseased hip, the boy's age, and all the rest of it. He was fourteen and he had loved the school when he could go,— "a bright little lad he was at his books, and all element—all element."

Whatever "element" might be, I gathered somehow that it was Patsy's chief characteristic. When health was his he had been swift as a redshank in careering up and down the pavements after his hoop. He had been "careless and gay as a wad in a window," as we say in this land of broken windows. Then Patsy opened his eyes and stared at me with bewilderment that turned to courteous greeting. He was not handsome then or later, but his face was one of the most attractive one could see. It expressed crystal innocence, boyish jollity, friendliness, ready interest; and beyond these good things some quality I cannot analyze, something that made him of those pure in heart who see God.

We began to talk in a tentative way that strangers use. One did not think of pitying Patsy; it was far more natural to tell him of one's own troubles, or interests, or pleasures. In that first interview I gathered that Boxing was the main interest of his life. His hands were white and thin, his arms puny and wasted, but his whole face shone when he spoke of Wells and Carpentier and Jack Johnson, and of the others whose names I did not even know. He had an exact and scientific knowledge of the noble art and read *Boxing* every week.

Did Patsy draw, I asked? Shyly he produced one of those large scribbling notebooks. It was full of chalk drawings. Brawny boxers with huge biceps held the place of honour. The artist showed a shy pride in them. These were his heroes. There were other pictures—landscapes, seascapes, houses that tottered perilously, and a scene that took my fancy specially where a large Irish rabbit gazed eastwards towards the rising sun. That picture seemed to express new life and irrepressible hope, and in this way to be emblematic of Patsy.

At my second visit I found him cheerful but a little tear-stained. He was lying in a small bed in the corner of the kitchen. He had been worse, his mother said, but he would, no doubt, play the violin if I wished it. So he played sweetly and rather tremulously "The Minstrel Boy." Of the cause of his tears I learnt something later from his mother outside the door.

"He's a bit knocked about to-day. The other young ones are all after starting for the 'Feat'—the Coronation Feat down at Ballsbridge—and he was a bit overcome not to go with them. It's the first time ever I known him cry—God help the poor lad that was always gayest of the gay—and it

was not crying he was, it was a kind of snorting. He didn't want to let on he was that upset. He'd never let us know it."

From about this time there began for Patsy long sojournings in hospital, and operations and experiments that we all fondly hoped might give him new life. The physical history of tubercular hip-disease varies little, and it is all too well known; but the spiritual history that runs its course beneath the malady is another matter. Patsy's was ever a tale of friendship. Somehow his Matron and Sister and nurses were always the most delightful people; his doctors were always the best: they were all his friends. Perhaps it was that the little feeble boy with the shock of fair hair and the ready smile brought his own atmosphere of peace and kindness and happiness.

I soon discovered that my typical example of a happy person was Patsy. Everything interested him, especially desperate adventure and deeds of strength and prowess. He read everything, wrote an excellent hand, and produced little stories which I keep in memory of him.

Every year we expected him to die. His strength ebbed from him till he seemed just a shadow of a boy, just something that held an undaunted spirit still upon the earth.

"The only thing that troubles him," said his mother one day, "is that he's too wake to say his prayers."

I have not spoken yet of his piety lest I should suggest the pale-faced, blue-eyed hero of the Victorian Sunday School prize. I find it hard to make others know the charm of his simple, unfaltering holiness. It was something like the clean manliness that inspired the quest of the Sancgreal. It was a knightly zeal for God and His Kingdom, and with this was that fine burning faith of the mediæval gentleman. To Patsy the great companies of saints and of angels were as real and heroic and exciting as the mighty boxers of the Ring. He knew with unfaltering trust that to pray was to work. When he could work he worked with the zeal of three; when he was helpless he prayed with a tireless energy and devotion that is not often found outside a Celtic country.

When Tom, his father, came back from the war he remarked with humorous condemnation, "That ould lad in the bed there was awake half the night rattling his beads—two pairs of beads he has in it—and there's not a boy from these parts that isn't on them, and there's me lad telling their names out all the night long."

Needless to tell it, the war was now Patsy's supreme in-

terest. He could talk of guns and tactics like any old general. He was all on fire to be out in the thick of it. There was blue fire in his eyes when he talked of fighting. Of such stuff is Michael O'Leary, V.C.

His military zeal was inflamed by the almost miraculous improvement of his health during this last summer. For the first time for four years he went to Mass; for the first time in his life he worked and earned money—three shillings a week—and in the evening he went to that hive of industry "The Tech." to learn book-keeping.

"He's going to keep me in the lap of luxury when I'm old," said his mother proudly.

Then came the end of it.

We had been planning, he and I, to go some time to see the Somme battle pictures. I felt it would be like going with a staff officer to have Patsy there to explain everything. But I heard when I suggested a date that he had a chill—"was not so well at all, at all."

"I wonder will he over it?" said his mother anxiously. "I don't think after all he'll do any good," a statement which was used only in a physical sense.

It was the last fight this time, and he fought it heroically, splendidly, triumphantly. He faced much pain with clenched teeth and never a murmur.

He was conscious to the end, and roused himself to speak words of hopeful and brave farewell to those who were honoured by his friendship.

When at last he lay still and tranquil in the little room where we had so often visited him, there were many who came to say good-bye. We all regarded him as a saint, but such a gallant, happy, boyish saint that one could talk of him with laughter even while he lay there dead; we could remember his jokes, his merriment, and take courage to part with him.

Very many followed him to his grave over hard frozen roads. All were his friends. He had been poor in so much, rich always in friendship.

And of his happy spirit we can feel, as of other heroic boys, killed in France and Gallipoli—

Dear boys! they shall be young for ever.  
The Son of God was once a boy.  
They run and leap by a clear river  
And of their youth they have great joy.  
God who made boys so clean and good  
Smiles with the eyes of fatherhood.

W. M. LETTS.



## THROUGH LONENESS TO LIGHT

THE subject or topic of "loneness"—the truth as to the essential solitude of the human soul, and as to the purgative effect of the recognition of this truth—has assuredly not been overlooked or neglected in the finest Catholic poetry and fiction of our time. All of us, it may be assumed, have read with appreciation Francis Thompson's poem on *The Fallen Yew*, the tree to whose inmost core neither nesting bird nor hiding urchin has penetrated, even as no man has ever gained access to the central stronghold of the heart of his fellow mortal. And we have all of us read, and—it may be hoped—read over again, the late Mgr. Benson's posthumous novel, *Loneliness*. But it is very possible that not even all readers of THE MONTH are as familiar as the book deserves that they should be with a work in which, rather more than twelve years ago, the same topic was handled with, possibly, a firmer yet more delicate touch, and was, at any rate, more variously illustrated, viz., Mrs. Wilfrid Ward's *The Light Behind*. To a careful study of this book the following pages will be devoted.

*The Light Behind* is, in the very best and fullest sense of the terms, a story with a purpose and a plot. With a purpose, not as being aggressively and tediously didactic, but as teaching a lesson, or rather many lessons, through the medium of the story itself. And with a plot; that is to say, it is concerned with the life not of one, or at most, two characters, variously influenced by successive experiences of one kind or another, but with a group of linked lives, closely interwoven each with the rest, each having a story of its own, and each profoundly affected by and involved in the ultimate climax and the approaches thereto. Moreover, as is the case with more than one of the other works of the same author, the book has this "Shakespearian" quality, that the life-stories of the several characters all serve, each in its own way, to illustrate a single theme. And this theme is what may be called "the discipline of loneness,"—of "loneness" rather than of "loneliness," seeing that all of them live, more or less habitually, in a crowd. Again, just as in *One Poor Scruple* and *Great Possessions*, the plot is (to use a phrase of the writer's own) "God's plot" throughout; for

the story is a record—so far as such things can be recorded by a human observer—of God's patient Providence, which is ever watchful, not only to help the struggling and groping soul, but to draw good out of evil, and to make use alike of merely temperamental defects, and even of man's culpable weakness or deliberate malice, in order to bring into close union with Himself those who are capable of spiritual heroism, and to hinder the obdurate sinner from going quite so irrecoverably to the bad as he might otherwise have done. And, to pass for a moment from the deeply religious significance of the book to a point of high literary excellence, the plot is developed with the utmost economy of words and situations. There is no attempt at elaborate scene-painting or stage-setting, and while the social milieu is adequately characterized, no conversation is reported which has not a direct bearing on the author's main purpose and the progress of the action.

With a view to the avoidance of a tantalizing allusiveness to persons and incidents which—as has been implied—may possibly not be fresh in the reader's mind, it seems desirable to give, before going further, a somewhat detailed summary of the "argument" of the work in question.

Muriel, Lady Cheriton, is the childless wife of a notoriously profligate peer. Originally inferior to him in social station, the prospect of the position which she would occupy as his wife had been quite sufficient to satisfy the ambition of her scheming mother, and had weighed more powerfully with herself than she cared to acknowledge. Disenchantment had, of course, come very soon; and within a year or two of her wedding she had been sorely tempted to elope with a certain Mr. James Maurice, at that time a rising politician. After a severe struggle she had, however, overcome the temptation, and had in course of time come to be regarded, and to regard herself, as the faultless model of all the virtues suitable to a grievously ill-used wife. During the period of that early crisis she had been greatly helped and supported by the advice and encouragement of a Mr. Biddulph, Permanent Under-Secretary at the Colonial Office, who had thenceforth become her staunch friend and adviser.

The story opens at a point of time about ten years subsequent to the Maurice incident, when Biddulph takes occasion, from a more than usually flagrant indiscretion on the part of Lord Cheriton, to suggest to Muriel that she ought, now at last, to seek a legal separation—not a divorce—from her husband. This, however, she cannot bring herself to do, and resents the sug-

gestion. Such a separation would, she feels, involve not only her retirement to a dower-house, and much loss of dignity in the eyes of London society, but also the relinquishment of all the good that she had effected on the Cheriton estates, the management of which her husband had left in her hands. Meanwhile there has appeared on the scene one Henry Dacre, younger son of a Catholic north-country squire, who has come up to London in the hope of making a career for himself, and whom Muriel has been asked to befriend. He is a handsome and clever young fellow, and Lady Cheriton takes him up with enthusiasm, procures for him the post of private secretary to Biddulph, and—a little later—urges him to stand, and warmly supports his candidature, for the parliamentary division in which Cheriton was situated. Dacre becomes more and more fascinated by the charms of the great lady, and though she by no means reciprocates his unspoken affection, her reputation is grievously imperilled. But the danger is at first masked, and their self-deception rendered easier for both, by the fact of Dacre's engagement to Muriel's Catholic cousin, Lady Anne Massingham. Gradually, however, the true state of the case, at least as regards Dacre, dawns on Anne, who sees it to be her duty, regardless of possible consequence, to declare their engagement at an end.

What might have followed, under other circumstances, can only be conjectured; but, as it happened, Lady Cheriton was, on that very day and almost at the same moment, struck down by a sudden illness, an illness hastened by the shock of hearing, from several quarters simultaneously, that malicious gossip has been rife about her relations with Dacre, "her Popish lover," as he has been called. She dismisses her guests, sends for Lord Cheriton, tells him of the slander, which he well knows to be (so far as she is concerned) without solid foundation, and asks him to come abroad with her for a few months till the gossip has died down; but then to arrange for a separation, as she cannot consent to hold any longer the position of a dishonoured wife.

They go abroad accordingly, and live in a villa at Perledo, above Lake Como, his lordship continuing to entertain questionable company at the hotel on the lake shore. Meanwhile, Dacre, rejected by Anne Massingham, disappointed of his hopes of a seat in Parliament, and maddened by his passion, which he now recognizes, for Lady Cheriton, has thrown off the practice of his religion, and even his faith. Misled by a letter which announces Muriel's convalescence and altogether misrepresents her disposition towards himself, he goes, after some vacillation, to Perledo in search of her. He finds her in the garden, reclining on a couch, and, as he quickly perceives, almost at the point of death. Ignoring deliberately the real and sinful purpose of his visit, she implores him to teach her how to die, makes, at his dictation,

acts of faith, hope, charity and contrition, which she asks him to leave in writing for her use, and then dismisses him, begging him to send her husband to her. Alone with Lord Cheriton, and while he, in his turn, recites aloud for her the prayers which Dacre has written, she passes peacefully away.

In the book—"Mr. Biddulph has the last word"—which shall be quoted presently, but at the end of this summary, and quite out of its right place, mention must be made of Horace Colquhoun, a cynical and blasé man about town, Lord Cheriton's parasite and panderer to his vices, and the accepted intermediary between the Earl and his wife. Colquhoun is the mischief-maker of the whole plot, whose function it is to play, like a pinch-beck Iago, on the weaknesses of every other personage in the story.

Now what, it may be asked, has all this to do with loneliness or loneliness? And with what justice can "the discipline of loneliness" be said to be the principal theme, or even a principal theme, of the story? Well, Mrs. Ward has herself reminded us, on p. 203 of *The Light Behind*, that "the worst of delicate hints is that the hint is apt to be lost in the delicacy." And although in the present instance the hints given are not so elusive as to afford a legitimate excuse for missing their point, yet so strong is the tendency, in these days of an overwhelmingly rapid literary output, to read a novel with no more than a passing interest, that very possibly this particular point may have received, at the hands of at least some of Mrs. Ward's readers, less attention than it deserves.

Already in the first chapters, as in the overture to an opera, the theme is played, deep down among the bass notes which provide the accompaniment to the tinkle of country house chatter. Muriel has, with characteristic imperiousness, and presuming just a little too much on a tried friendship, all but commanded Mr. Biddulph's attendance at a friend's house-party in Sussex. In this she has had a twofold purpose, viz., that he may save her, by receiving it on her behalf, the pain of a communication from Colquhoun concerning her husband, and that she may confide in him certain intimate thoughts and anxieties of her own. But her old friend so plainly shows his vexation at having been called away from important business, for—so far as he can yet perceive—no adequate reason, and so shocks her sense of what is due to her by his suggestion that the time may have come for a separation from her husband, that, although the business with Colquhoun is duly

transacted, the confidence is withheld. Biddulph goes to bed, after "his long night prayers, at which he dozed and roused himself, and dozed again, and repeated them three or four times till he was satisfied that he had done his best," little guessing "how he had hurt his friend." Yet who can doubt that the pain which Muriel felt that night, "her mind dwelling persistently on Mr. Biddulph's desertion, as she chose to call it," was the first drop in that bitter chalice of loneliness which was to be for her healing? It was not to be the last occasion on which, while most earnestly desirous of serving his friend, he would seem to fail her,—to his own lasting regret, and to her own everlasting good. "Muriel, shut up in a world of her own, idealised what human intercourse might be, if she could let down the barriers to the right person." She had yet much to learn of "that unleaguerable fortress" whose "keys are at the cincture hung of God," and which is accessible to Him alone.

Lonely and troubled, she asked herself with pathetic yearning, what she could do in this difficult way of life that she had not done. There was no articulate answer in her mind, but a great disgust came over her, a nausea for the things, and the ways, and the words of life conformable with the world. It did not amount to a struggle. Only the surface of her soul was troubled. Had the angel of God passed that way?

Meanwhile Lady Anne Massingham, not yet caught up into the toils of Muriel's agitated life, was herself experiencing some taste of a pain that was but a prelude to later trials, which were to lift her to lofty heights of incommunicable anguish. "She had been suffering for some time from a sense of the emptiness of her own life," when a sister's illness and death had afforded her "a retreat from a somewhat uncongenial world; and then had followed a sacred time of mourning. Now that was closing, and the old worries were reviving with a new loneliness, and without Mary to share them." It may be added, incidentally, here, that this same death of Mary Massingham had sowed, in the heart of Lady Cheriton, the seeds of that conviction that Catholics understood the art of dying, which was to be her salvation in her own last hour of life on earth.

Nor did the angel of solitude fail to touch with his wings Henry Dacre also, even at the outset of the period, of barely a few months, covered by the story. He is walking in the

walled garden of his friend, Father Groves' presbytery at "Hempville" (Hampstead). "I wonder if it would do me any good to go into exile," he mused; and presently "he felt annoyed at himself for having been so easily fascinated, for having shown the secret and sacred places in his soul so unreservedly to Lady Cheriton." Yet his moods alternate in quick succession. "He felt angry, then breathed a low sigh of pleasure, then checked himself sharply," and then experienced "the infection of a divine peace"—a transient peace as it proved—in the thought of Anne Massingham.

But he had need of a sterner schooling than could be supplied by so gentle an "infection"; and to him, as to so many others, the harsh but salutary lesson was to come through disillusionment and shattered hopes. He had his friendly warning from the outset. "I cannot see your way in it all," said Biddulph, when the young man presented himself, at Lady Cheriton's bidding, with his application for the post of private secretary. Neither Dacre himself, nor Lady Cheriton can be, Biddulph avers, a competent judge of his real prospects. The world of London society has a heedless and heartless way of suddenly taking up and feverishly pushing forward apparently promising youths, whom they as suddenly drop as soon as their protégés cease to be interesting. Has he "prayed about this"? Does he realize the difficulty of pursuing an ambitious career "without dimming the light without which we are all in darkness"?

Henry, of course, thanks him for his advice, promises to give it his best consideration, goes off to lunch with Colquhoun, "and the afternoon slipped by in that gentleman's company. Then letters to write, dinner with some friends in South Kensington, then to Lady Berringfield's party. . . . Such were his opportunities for reflection," on the day that was to determine his career.

In a word Dacre is true to type throughout. He is a man of moods, dominated by his temperament, which has never been mastered and moulded by his will into a strong and decided character. He has fits of disgust and incipient disillusionment, as, for instance, when, barely for a few moments, he feels himself snubbed or neglected at Maurice's party, and again by way of reaction after the striking success of his speech at a political meeting in South London, and yet again when he suddenly leaves town for a few quiet days at home; but even these saner moods are tainted with



self-pity and bitterness, and quickly give place to the solicitation of his career, to the well-meaning but to him harmful influence of Lady Cheriton, and to the entirely ill-meant but specious suggestions of Colquhoun. And all the while he is blind, seeking to hide from himself his infatuation for Muriel, under cover of his real but superficial affection for Anne Massingham. For "men clutch for salvation at the holiest things, when they will not save themselves." When at last she breaks it to him that their engagement must be cancelled, he candidly admits that his religion has lost its hold upon him, that he has come to care only for success, and that he lies bare to the gusts of any temptation. By this time he had sunk lower far than the point which he had reached when, standing before Newman's statue in the Brompton Road, he had "felt on the brink of an unknown world of passion, and was startled at his own helplessness." On the day when Dacre, half consciously afraid lest his constancy should fail him, had so selfishly, and, in effect, cruelly pressed Anne to hasten on their marriage, the author suggests that "if she had but known it, to let him see her full heart, to be forced to see a little of the depth in her, might have been the salvation of them both." But it was, perhaps, better for both, in the long run, that her inmost heart should be sealed to him. Both needed, and each was to receive, under God's Providence and in accordance with their respective capacities, a full measure of "the discipline of loneliness."

In a lesser degree than Henry Dacre, Muriel Cheriton, too, is the victim of her moods. Again and again she is touched with a sense of interior solitude, and of the need of some retrenchment of her superabundant outward activities; she hears from James Maurice a "delicate hint" that she would do well to "beware of her influence," lest she involve Dacre and herself in an inextricable coil of difficulties to their mutual hurt; she becomes increasingly aware of Mr. Biddulph's disapproval, not always quite tactfully expressed or betrayed; but again and again she plunges back into the whirlpool of excitement. In one respect, however, and that a most important one, her character differs from Dacre's. She is at least so far conscientious, and so far guided by principle rather than by feeling, that she will do nothing that she plainly sees to be wrong. But she lacks the clearness of perception, the singleness of purpose,

and the strength of will which she needed to enable her to aim at the highest that might, under more favourable circumstances, have been within her reach.

It has been already said that Biddulph more than once failed her in her hours of sore trial; so that, for lack of his counsel, or of the courage candidly to seek and patiently to hear his counsel, she was more and more thrown back upon herself, or—to speak more truly—upon God. The last and most pathetic occasion on which, perhaps because her summons was more self-sufficient in its tone than explanatory of the nature of its urgency, he refrained from coming at her call, occurred when she was on the point of leaving England for Perledo. Just then Biddulph was spending most of his spare time at the bedside of a humble friend who lay slowly dying. He little thought that Muriel's need of him was perchance far more urgent than that of poor Mr. Stanley. Yet surely it was part of "God's plot" that he should feel constrained not to leave his self-imposed task. For he too had his needs, which were well served by the sight of the "joy that shone from the ordinary features and dull eyes of the suffering old man."

Nor was Biddulph the only friend from whom, as part of her preparation for death, Muriel was to be painfully parted in those last days. Struck down by illness at Cheriton, she had begged her dear cousin Anne to come to her sick room. But the interview, their last on earth, only intensified the soul-solitude of each of them. "The longing to speak, to break the barriers, to tell Anne the truth, to ask it from her in return, was unbearable. To let her go like this was intolerable; but Muriel's facility for speaking what she did not mean went with a terrible impediment to revealing her imprisoned heart." The look which passed between them was inadequate, after all, to disclose the inmost thought, or heal the deep wound, of either.

Like Biddulph, and in contrast to Henry Dacre, and in a less degree to Muriel, Anne Massingham had trodden consistently a straight path, strewn though it was with thorns. Feeling instinctively and judging sanely that Dacre's proposal of marriage had been premature, she nevertheless quite deliberately decided that she ought to accept it. And throughout the period of those acutely distressful anxieties which at last ripen into the certainty that a mistake has been made, her will is always "right with God," to

whom alone she looks for light and strength. In her case the "discipline of loneliness" is in its successive phases very humbly accepted and embraced; and, as not infrequently happens in novels of the highest class, in *The Light Behind* it is not the central and most conspicuous personage who is the most heroic, but—in this particular instance—Anne Mas-singham. As she knelt in the church of the Carmelites in Kensington her thoughts shaped themselves thus:

Henry was surely in danger, and so was Muriel; yet Anne knew that to do any false thing on her own part—such as to keep, even for a time, her claim on Henry's honour—in order to save them from each other, would be worse than useless. She must tell him the truth, and let him go free, and leave them both to God. . . . Gradually, as she thought less and prayed more, Anne grew in pity for those who were costing her so much pain, and then came over her a longing that her pardon might be complete, that her sufferings might bring them a blessing, that she might emulate the tender mercies of the Divine forgiveness; . . . till, in a great cry of the soul, she asked that, if it were God's will, she might leave there at the foot of the altar all her own earthly happiness, to purchase for these two the gift of pure sorrow, and its exceeding great reward hereafter. Only in one of vivid faith could such an offering have been an act of heroism; only in one of great simplicity could it have been real; only in very singular circumstances could it have been justified. In Anne's prayer all these conditions were united.

To return for a moment to the subject of the plot, it is with a true instinct as to the workings of Divine Providence through poor human nature that the author makes so much to turn on two apparently trifling incidents. One of them is a bet made by Lord Cheriton with Colquhoun, half in jest, and when both were bemused with drink, that the latter will not within six months persuade Lady Cheriton to seek the legal separation which he himself desires, but which he has not the courage openly to ask her to demand. The other is the dismissal, by Lord Cheriton himself, of Holmstead, the head groom at Cheriton, who for many years had been—in fact, if not by legal right—Lady Cheriton's trusted servant. It is the bet which sets Colquhoun on his course of mischief-making. He sees, of course, that Henry Dacre is an instrument made to his hands. It is Colquhoun who—urged on by the thought of the bet—flatters him in his infatuation for Muriel, it is he who asks him, at the moment when he is

reeling under the shock of the broken-off engagement, "What right have you to assume that that lonely woman may not have given you a position in her heart which, as a man of honour, you are bound to act up to?" And he rejoices, not without a twinge of disgust, at the success (visible in Henry's eyes) of his temptation. For "the Colquhouns of this world never fail to despise in their hearts those who, like Henry, having seen the better things, fall to their own level." It is Colquhoun who, playing on the ultra-Protestantism of Lady Turton, and the jealousy of Mrs. Maurice, and the discontent of Holmstead, sets going, both in "county" circles and among the tavern-haunters of Cheriton, the scandalous gossip about Muriel and "her Popish lover." And it is a fitting retribution when, after his dismissal by Muriel from Cheriton, and her summons to her husband, to whom at last she declares her wish for a separation, he receives this letter from Lord Cheriton: "Horace,—You have won the bet. I enclose a cheque for £7,000, and if I ever wished for anything, I wish now that I may never see you again in this world or in the next.—CHERITON." A grim application, surely, of the discipline of separation, if not of solitude, to these two boon companions in wickedness. Yet even for them it may have served, together with the general collapse of their anticipations, and the overflow, so to say, of more gracious influences, to make their final moral ruin—if indeed it was final—less ruinous than it might otherwise have been. And as for the ruin of his worldly fortunes, which sooner or later was bound to overtake him, we read with satisfaction that, when the need arose, Colquhoun "with a true instinct . . . appealed to his old enemy, Mr. Biddulph, for help, and the appeal was not made in vain."

Of the death-scene in the garden at Perledo, too long to reproduce at length, it must needs be enough to record the conviction that it is one of the finest things in literature. Space will allow the quotation of barely a few sentences. "Thank you"—said Muriel, when Dacre had recited the "acts"—

"Thank you. Will you say them again? I will listen. And if I die, willing and wishing all that is in that prayer, shall you and Anne hope for me, in spite of my sins?"

"Even if they were as scarlet, they would be washed white as snow," came in broken accents from the sinner beside her who had not done penance.

"Would not a priest ask me if I had forgiven everybody? . . . Will you ask my husband to come here? . . . Stay, it is good-bye. . . . I will see no one now but my husband." . . .

Henry slowly left the garden. He turned up the darkening road, and climbed higher and higher, till . . . he knelt down at length beneath a rock, and then those pitiful Eyes that had seen Peter go forth from the judgment hall, testified to the angels that they might rejoice in the bitter weeping of one who had denied his Lord.

Was there any more to be said? Yes, there is a concluding chapter, in which, after Muriel's funeral, "Mr. Biddulph has the last word," with James Maurice for a not too appreciative or attentive listener.

"I do not think she ever knew any absorbing human love. I suppose her way had to be a lonely one. And yet the human heart is made for love. . . . With all her faults I think she ever craved for something worthy of her love, and often saw the sacred aureole where God has placed it, and the world overlooks it. . . . Yes! as she went about the city, in the streets, and in the broadways, with a dim vision she was seeking, on the whole faithfully, for the source of all love. She has found Him now. And . . . He will be her exceeding great reward."

HERBERT LUCAS.

## JOB

"CAN flesh and blood contrive defence  
'Gainst swords that pierce the spirit through,  
Or meet, not knowing why or whence,  
The blind bolt crashing from the blue?

"Oh, men have held times out of mind  
Their stern and stoic courage bright—  
But if no cry comes on the wind,  
How shall I face the ambushed night?

"How shall I turn to bay and stand  
To grapple, if I cannot see  
My fierce assailant at my hand,  
The high look of mine enemy?

"If He will answer me, with rod  
And plague and thunder let Him come—  
But how can man dispute with God  
Who writes no book, whose voice is dumb?

"Who rings me round with prison bars  
Through which I peer with sleepless eyes,  
And see the enigmatic stars—  
These only—in the iron skies."

"*These only?* These together sang  
At the glad birthday of the earth,  
When all the courts of Heaven rang  
With shouting and angelic mirth!

"The night enfolds you with a cloak  
Of silence and of chill affright?  
But when man's wells of laughter broke,  
Who gave man singing in the night?

"The Rod shall burst to flowers and fruit  
Richer than grew on Aaron's rod,  
And mercy clothe you head to foot,  
Beloved and smitten of your God!"

THEODORE MAYNARD.



## LETTERS OF CARDINAL NEWMAN TO LADY GEORGIANA FULLERTON

NOTE.—Most of the following letters, preserved by Mr. or Lady Georgiana Fullerton, were transcribed to assist in preparing for the volume of Cardinal Newman's Letters, which Mr. Wilfrid Ward had in hand at the time of his lamented death. He had marked letters ix., x., xi., xii. for his volume. As that volume is for the time in abeyance, the correspondence may be here given in full.<sup>1</sup>

J. H. P.

### I.

IN letter VI. Newman uses the words, "The interest, which has always accompanied the thought of you in my mind, since the day you let me call on you years ago, as you passed through Oxford." This presumably refers to some meeting even earlier than the following letter, the first of the collection. Lady Georgiana had been received into the Church on Passion Sunday, 29 March, 1846 (Coleridge, p. xii.), and she must have written to Newman not long after. In his answer Newman uses a certain formality, which disappears as the correspondence continues.

Mary Vale. April 15, 1846.

My dear Madam,—I feel the kindness of the information with which you have entrusted me, and which has given me very great pleasure. It has filled me with gratitude too; for, I assure you, I have ever remembered your Ladyship's name in my prayers, and have listened for news of you with great interest. Nor will I fail to do so still, as you wish me. And while so doing, I shall not and cannot doubt that the

<sup>1</sup> By the kind consent of the Superior of the Birmingham Oratory, successor to the copyright, and of the Nuns of Roehampton Village, Poor Servants of the Mother of God, who own the autographs, except of the first two, which have already been printed in Father H. J. Coleridge's *Life of Lady Georgiana Fullerton*, 1888, pp. 206, 207. This volume is a translation of Madame Augustus Craven's, *Lady G. Fullerton, sa vie et ses œuvres*, 1888, which is prefaced by a Letter from the Cardinal containing the following appreciation of its subject:—

"Since I have been a Catholic I have looked upon Lady Georgiana with reverence and admiration for her saintly life. A character and a mental history such as hers make her a fit representative of those ladies of rank and position in society, who, during the last half century have thought it little to become Catholics by halves, and who have devoted their lives and all they were to their Lord's service." November 17, 1885.

peace and confidence which others have felt who have taken the same important step, will be granted to you, as to them.

With all good wishes and kind thoughts, I am, &c., &c.

## II.

Lady Georgiana has here evidently written mentioning her peace of mind after her conversion, and she has also shown her maternal solicitude about her boy William Granville Leveson-Gower, born 15 July, 1834, whom she was thinking of sending to Oscott. Dr. Logan's eventual successor appears to have been the Rev. John More.

St. Mary's Vale, Perry Bar, Birmingham. June 25, 1846.

My dear Madam,—First let me express my great satisfaction and thankfulness at receiving so happy an account of your state of mind, as your Ladyship gives me. It has been, I fear, want of faith in me which has made me so anxious for you, but I know that persons who have been in the habit of exercising their minds have often much more trial than others in such a change as you have made, and I did not take sufficient thought of the grace lodged in the Catholic Church for the supply of all our needs however diversified.

I am sorry for the retirement of Dr. Logan, having a great respect for him, his successor I have hardly more than seen. But it is the system of the school, and not the excellence of this or that official, which is its characteristic; and I conceive Dr. Logan's retirement can have no other effect than the introduction of a person of more or less popular manners and behaviour, as the case may be, instead of him.

All that I have seen of the school makes me think that it has those great advantages over an English public school which a Catholic school ought to have, and Protestant schools have not. The boys seem very happy, and Dr. Wiseman likes the oversight of them better, I do believe, than anything else. Perhaps it is rather a rough school—that is all I can think of to say against it; and, though there are many boys of good family, it is not, in this respect, like the best Protestant schools.

I am quite sure that Dr. Wiseman will take great care of your son; and if, when he comes, I can be of any use in answering your questions of detail, or in any other way, it will be a pleasure to me to be made so. I am, my dear Madam, &c., &c.

## III.

The verses mentioned below have the following title, *The old Highlander; the Ruins of Strata Florida; and other verses; by the Author of "Grantley Manor."* Not published, London, 1849. 15 pieces, 31 pp.

Oratory, Birmingham. July 1st, 1849.

My dear Mr. Fullerton,—I am going to ask you a favor and may be taking a liberty, but you will please to tell me without ceremony, if I am—and will kindly think no more about it.

By accident I have seen a copy of some Poems which Lady Georgiana has allowed to be circulated—entitled "The Old Highlander and others;" and they interested me so much that I am led to ask you whether it is possible any where or any how to obtain a copy for myself?

Excuse the trouble of this question and believe me, My dear Mr. Fullerton, very sincerely yours in Xt., &c., &c.

## IV.

One may assume that Lady Georgiana, in consequence of several winters passed in Rome at this period (*Life*, p. 305, etc.), had thought of writing some book on the Early Church period. From the future Cardinal's letter we see that he did not disguise the difficulty of the task, which does not seem to have been persevered with.

Abbotsford, Melrose. Jan. 1, 1853.

My dear Lady Georgiana,—How I wish I could speak instead of writing to you, in answer to your question! I am so afraid of going off on the wrong track, and saying what is *nihil ad rem*.

I have a great difficulty in knowing what books to recommend to you, for I cannot tell *how* I got myself the general impression and idea of the early Church which rests upon my mind. Sometimes some little fact, got one does not know where, is a suggestion opening a whole scene or prospect.

I dare say you know or have heard of Bekker's *Gallus*. It is translated from the German and published by Porter in the Strand. You would of course get it in Paris in the original—perhaps in French. It is much to your purpose. He has also published a "Charicles," which is a story embodying Greek manners, as Gallus embodies Roman, but I have not seen it. It is translated also.

You know of course Bingham's *Antiquities*—which, bating its Protestantism, is as instructive and interesting as it is learned.

The volumes in the Oxford Library of the Fathers, containing *St. Cyprian's Epistles*, and *Tertullian's Apology* with notes by Pusey, might be useful to you; but Pusey's *doctrinal* notes, I believe, are grossly unfair. I do not know whether, in the same series, a volume has yet appeared of *Acts of Martyrdoms* (from Ruinart, I suppose)—if so, you should get it. One or two of them were published among the *Records* in the Tracts for the Times. You should consult some book about the Catacombs—Father Marchi's at Rome—of which Mr. Northcote gave specimens in *The Rambler*. A very curious defence has lately been written in France (by the Benedictines of Solesme?) of the Traditions of St. Mary Magdalen at Marseilles, if your scene is to be France. Perhaps it is in French, but I do not know. Some years ago Mr. Lockhart (Mrs. Hope's Father) wrote a novel called *Valerius*, which you ought to see. It is a tale of early Xtianity—as accurate about, as the 39 articles are an accurate representation of the early Creed—but *clever*, and would suggest ideas to you—but I dare say you know it. Some sketches in it struck me as very good. Sismondi too has written a novel, called I think *Julia Severa*—of Roman times—I never saw it.

One prominent feature in those times is the attempt to re-animate Polytheism—of which Julian's history (though later) is the best instance. I have never read the Abbé Bleterie's "Julian"—it is praised a good deal. It is a small duodecim, and you would see at once if it is to your purpose. You should get some account of the Neo-Platonists (Plotinus etc) whose history bears on the revival of Paganism.

I have a chapter in my own *Essay on Development* (under the head of "the first Test") on the primitive centuries which may suggest something to you. You would read it through in half an hour.

Tillemont's works, which you would be able to consult in any great city (his *Emperors* and his *Ecclesiastical Memoirs*), are the most accurate of any history. Gibbon calls his minute diligence "church genius." He would give you every fact about martyrdoms etc.

Fleury's *Ecclesiastical History*, which also you would find everywhere, is to *my mind* the most graphic of histories.

(Others do not agree with me.) It is a *mere narration* of the *whole* course of the times diligently drawn out.

You should be on your guard against Fleury's Gallicanism and Tillemont's Jansenism.

The Protestant Baur (*History of the first three centuries*) will also be of use to you, though it is very fanciful and dreamy. You would get it at Paris in French or German.

You will have to ask leave out of England, to read many of these books.

Do not let me frighten you by the number I have mentioned—dipping into books, or skimming them, and consulting them, is not *reading*. Besides, I have put down works on various subjects. If I must mention one book to the exclusion of all others, it would be Fleury's History—but when you come to *write*, you will not be able to get on without a knowledge of antiquities—so I add Bekker and Bingham.

Your difficulty will be *character*. This is the position in which you excel, and on which your works have hitherto turned—and female character. Now I do not know *what* work would help you to understanding the Roman female character. I suppose it was absolutely different in kind from the Protestant or English. I suppose a genuine Roman woman had very little education. The known *historical* specimens, on the other hand, were often monsters. I doubt whether any of them, heathen or Xtian, had that peculiar refinement of feeling and complexity of motive and passion, which you delight to draw.

I thank you extremely for the gift of your new work [*i.e.* *Ladybird*], which I have read with the greatest interest. It is most powerful, but I cannot reconcile myself to the distressing parts. I am not complaining of them, but merely mean that they are too painful for *me*. However, they are necessary for the moral which, though not forced upon people, is clear. I cannot help thinking, that readers will be obliged to *feel* its moral, though they do not observe, or do not acknowledge it. I wish you had made Lady Clara less of a *sketch*. Now, I am ashamed of saying all this—it sounds so very cold—which is the feeling of all others, with which a reader will not, and cannot rise, from your volumes.

With every kind and best wish for the new year to you and Mr. Fullerton, I am my dear Lady Georgiana, &c., &c.

## V.

The Princess Volkonski, and her "pious undertaking," are not mentioned in the *Life*. But it is clear from pages 411 to 414, that Lady Georgiana was then already feeling about for ideas on "a half religious rule." Eventually these aspirations led further still, as we see in the foundation of *The Poor Servants of the Mother of God*, while she enrolled herself among the *Enfants de Marie*.

Edgbaston, Birmingham. July 27, 1853.

My dear Lady Georgiana,—I read with much interest and pleasure the Princess Volkonski's letter, and felt how kind it was in you to mention my name to her in connexion with her pious undertaking. But really I have no right to any such recommendation to her notice; and have enough things to answer for, without interfering in matters about which I know so little as religious associations.

I have sometimes been tempted to wish that there were some means of bringing together ladies who may be said to have a *half* vocation—or rather a whole vocation for a half-religious rule—that is—some rule of life answering to that of the Oratory, which consists of priests living under a rule, yet not religious. The bond in religion is the vow of obedience—with us it is the duty of charity. In a religious house no regard (except accidentally) is paid to the feelings of each other, whereas in the world society gets on, and a family gets on, by a refined system of mutual concession. Society is like a carriage going on springs, where every collision and jar is anticipated. Such is necessarily the case in any voluntary community,—it is necessarily the principle of the Oratory, even if St. Philip had not prescribed it,—directly vows are excluded.

So much I may have wished as regards communities for women—but then I greatly doubt if it would be practicable. After all Priests are under the vow of their sacred vocation—which, if it does not include a vow of obedience to the Congregation to which they belong, is practically a strong protection to them in various ways against both the temptation to quit it, and neglect of the social duties it involves. But besides this, I am exceedingly doubtful whether, (without the bond of relationship, old friendship, or the like,) women could live together at all without a vow. It is remarkable that the *Filippine* at Rome, though founded on the model of the Oratory, are under vow.



I shall be very grateful to you, if you let me take your offer, of conveying my respects to the Princess, and my gratitude for her letter, instead of my writing myself, as I know you will do it so much better than I could do.

It pleases me very much to find you and Mr. Fullerton are back again. I am told that Lord Arundel's new home is near Newbury, which must be very pleasant for him and Lady A. considering your neighbourhood.

I will not forget your message about your son, of whose health some one was giving me a very good account. Remember me most kindly to Mr. Fullerton, and believe me to be, begging your good prayers for us, &c., &c.

VI. and VII.

The sudden death of her son Granville (who was mentioned in Letters II. and V.), on the 29th of May, 1855, was for Lady Georgiana a blow, the poignancy of which time could never blunt. *Life*, pp. 327, 331, etc.

Birmingham. June 4, 1855.

My dear Lady Georgiana,—If I seem intrusive you must excuse it on the ground of the interest which has always accompanied the thought of you in my mind, since the day you let me call on you years ago, as you passed through Oxford. I have already been saying Mass for your intention, though a black Mass has been impossible. And so have others here.

It would be presumptuous in me to speak to you and Mr. Fullerton of submission. However, let me bear witness, not only as a matter of faith, which we all receive, but as a point, which the experience of life has ever been impressing on me, more and more deeply, from my early youth down to this day, that unusual inflictions, coming on religious persons, are proofs that they are objects, more than others, of the love of God. Those whom He singularly and specially loves, He pursues with His blows, sometimes on one and the same wound, till perhaps they are tempted to cry out for mercy.

He loves you in proportion to the trials He sends you. I am telling you no news: but a testimony, external to oneself, strengthens one's own: and perhaps my testimony may be given with greater energy and fervency of conviction than another's.

We are in His hands—and cannot be in better.

With every respectful and earnest feeling of sympathy with Mr. Fullerton, I am, my dear Lady Georgiana, &c., &c.

6, Harcourt Street, Dublin. June 13, 1855.

My dear Lady Georgiana,—I was very grateful to you for your letter, which I did not expect. This requires no answer.

I hope to say Mass for you and Mr. Fullerton every Thursday between this and Michaelmas Day.

Would that I could use words of real comfort. Words are weak—but the Mass is strong. Most sincerely yours in Xt., &c.

#### VIII.

It is not clear what "little book" Newman was here sending; possibly a second edition of *Callista*, or a reprint of some older work.

The Oratory, Birmingham. October 28, 1857.

My dear Lady Georgiana,—I ventured to send you that small book, not as thinking that there was anything in it which would be of special interest to you, but in order to bring me to your mind, for I am getting very old now, and need the prayers of all who will be so kind as to think of me. And therefore I cannot help taking pleasure in the good opinion of others, as in yours, though I know in my conscience I am so unworthy of it, because it serves to give me a hope that they will remember me in sacred times and places. Pray do not forget to do that, my dear Lady Georgiana, and be sure that I try to do the like charitable office for you and Mr. Fullerton. Ever yours most sincerely, &c.

#### IX.

It is again difficult to determine anything about "the offerings"; the *Life* gives us no assistance. Further it does not seem that she eventually "went to Rome for long," as is here expected.

The Oratory, Birmingham. June 3, 1863.

My dear Lady Georgiana,—I thank you very much for the second copy of the offerings. After asking for it, I was half sorry, fearing it might in some way prove a trouble to you. I hope this has not been the case.

I am very glad you are going to Rome for so long, greatly as I know you will be missed at home. You have taken such hard work upon yourself, that you must have rest. It is a happy thing when a remedy is also a reward, and soul and body enjoy a common benefit.

With all kind thoughts of Mr. Fullerton, &c.

## X.

There are sundry letters extant from Newman on this subject, refusing sermons in churches not his own. In some he used a whimsical tone. See also No. XVIII. below.

The Oratory, Bm. June 30, 1867.

My dear Lady Georgiana,—I am glad to find you are back in England—and hope that you and Mr. Fullerton have benefitted in health by your stay in the South.

As to your proposal, I feel a great difficulty in refusing a joint request of yourself and Lady Herbert—and I should feel it, if you or she asked me separately—the greatest possible difficulty—but yet I must ask your kindness to let me do this difficult thing, nay to help me to do it.

It is not from any want of reverence for, and sympathy in, your good works—or any want of devotion, I trust, for the great Saint, for whose children you are in this case interesting yourself—but the Fathers of the Oratory are not accustomed to preach out of their own Churches—and for myself I have not done so, except once or twice, since the year 1851. And no one knows but myself, how any engagement of the kind, were it only to attend a function, wearies me. I did not get over for some days having to be present at the Archbishop's consecration two years ago. And occasional sermons are out of my line, which has ever been to preach from week to week in an ordinary way to my own people.

Hoping I shall obtain your forgiveness for being obstinate, I am, my dear Lady Georgiana, sincerely yours, &c.

## XI.

Lady Georgiana has evidently been inquiring about the reception of some boy at the Oratory School, presumably a foreigner, and no longer small. Like No. II., this letter is of great interest for the ideas on education which it conveys.

The Oratory. Easter Day, 1871.

My dear Lady Georgiana,—Fr St. John, our Prefect, happens to be going through London tomorrow morning, and he will take the chance of finding you at home between 11 and 12, to converse with you on the subject of your letter of this morning.

I will ask you to let me tell you confidentially some circumstances of our school which have a bearing on the answer, which I have to give to your question. When we began,

we took young boys—they grew up to be great ones—we knew all about them, and had formed them. When they were 15 or 16, they were of great use to us, set a good example, and acted with much zeal and steadiness as prefects of the school. But from time to time boys were offered to us who were already 15 or 16. We made inquiries, where they had been at school before &c &c, sometimes took them, sometimes not. They were sometimes foreigners. Many of those whom we took turned out very well; we have had good French boys, good Spanish; exemplary boys; but on the whole, the danger is so great of even one boy being admitted who is undesirable, that we have lately made a resolution, that we would not begin with any boy who had reached 15. Sometimes foreign boys are very precocious—and very dangerous. They are little men, and wish to act as such. What would an Emperor's son be? what destruction he might bring on us? it would be a moral scarlatina, when should we recover from it? Everything depends on the boy himself—how are we to know anything about him? can father or mother know? who is to know? On the other hand I will say that young Persigny, who has been with us since the autumn, is going on very well, and, as we trust, gaining good from us. And his parents were very frank and told us all about him—not that there was anything to tell of any consequence.

When I mentioned your letter (in confidence) to Fr St. John he said first, "Will he keep our rules, like another boy?"—next, "Will he join in the games?" "The first will satisfy his masters, the second will make him popular with the boys—but, if he takes a cigar, and sits in a corner, he will get on with neither." But, if you happen to be at home, he will talk with you, better than I can write. Most sincerely, &c.

P.S. The best wishes of the sacred season to you and Mr. Fullerton.

## XII. to XVI.

These letters give in outline a picture of the spirit in which Newman engaged on the writing of the famous *Letter to the Duke of Norfolk*, in answer to Mr. Gladstone's *Vatican Decrees*. They add hardly any material facts to those known through Mr. Ward's *Life*: but deal rather with the dispositions of the writer. Mr. Ward in his account copies letters sent to Protestant friends, and they have some great advantages. They give more explanations, and they are much easier for the general public to under-

stand and appreciate. But here we find an opening of the mind made to an intimate Catholic friend, and we see the writer's deep humility, his obedience to the idea of duty, and confidence in Providence in the face of difficulties vividly foreseen, etc. In this way these letters form a valuable addition to our knowledge of the man.

The Oratory. Nov 10. 1874.

My dear Lady Georgiana,—I have been very much troubled and I may say, frightened too, by your and Mr. Fullerton's joint request.

It is not as if I were ten years younger—but, as old men cannot throw about their limbs or throw out their voice, so I, though I may have thoughts in my mind, and feel as if I had something to say, have the greatest difficulty in saying it.

Then in this case the Papers seem almost to have superseded the necessity of writing against Mr. Gladstone by their own remarks, and one is tempted to say, Let well alone! especially since it is painful to write against such a man.

And I have heard too that our Bishop is going to write, and I should not like, as it were, to jostle with him.

But my great difficulty would be my little knowledge of the world at large, Protestant and Catholic. I have my own answers to Mr. Gladstone, which satisfy myself—but I have not confidence in my ability to see what would satisfy others—then comes the most anxious thought that unless I really succeed, I shall do the Catholic cause harm—a failure would be deplorable—Protestants would say, Now we know all that can be said—and see how little that is—

You are so good as to speak of prayers for me—If I might ask for some—my intention would be this—that I might write, if it was my duty—but not write if I was to fail in it. With my best respects to Mr. Fullerton, I am my dear Lady Georgiana, most truly yours, &c.

The Oratory. Jan 19. 1875.

My dear Lady Georgiana,—Your letter, just received, is one of those which have been an immense relief to me—On such and so many subjects as I have had to treat, it is impossible that I should not come into collision with the opinions of others, and, what is far more anxious a thought, run the risk, in the case of delicate points of saying what might be said better or more exactly. The certainty of mistakes is

the penalty one pays for engaging in controversy at all—but if we waited till we could do things perfectly, nothing would be done—So I repeat, what I said to you before, that I have done my best, and no one can do more than that—and I pray God that what you anticipate as the good effect of what I have written may come true.

Begging to be sometimes remembered in your and Mr. Fullerton's prayers, and not at all forgetting (I assure you) what I already owe to them in regard to my pamphlet, I am most sincerely yours, &c.

JOHN H. NEWMAN.

The Oratory. Janry. 19. 1875.

My dear Fr. Coleridge,—Your letter is a great relief to me. You may fancy I am anxiously expecting how Catholics will take my Pamphlet—and it is a comfort to find you do not expect your own circle will find any serious fault with it. Of course on such a subject or so many such subjects as I have had to treat, I cannot expect to say every thing in the best way or without mistakes, and still less without coming into collision with the opinion of others; but, if I have done what is substantially serviceable, I should have cause to be thankful. It has been a great trial to me even physically—and at one time I was afraid I should break down—but I have been carried through it.

I am very glad of what you tell me of your own prospective work; the excellent paper in the *Month* is an earnest how valuable it will be.

I am to be at your brother's soon after the Purification.

The Oratory. Feby 6. 1875.

My dear Mr. Fullerton,—Your letter is a very considerate one, and I thank you for it—As you have supposed, I have been very anxious how my letter would generally be taken. I felt as if up in a balloon, and until I got down safe, I could not be easy. I might be turned upside down by a chimney pot, left atop of a tree, or carried out to sea.

But now I am more and more in hopes that I have escaped all such misfortunes, and may consider myself on terra firma again. Your letter is one of those which have re-assured me, and I thank the Good Providence which has done so much for me.

Pray say every thing kind from me to Lady Georgiana Fullerton. Sincerely yours in Xt., &c.



The Oratory. April 21. 1875.

My dear Mr. Fullerton,—I do not like to say no to any request of yours—but I hope you will allow me to do so to the one contained in your letter of this morning.

My preaching days are long passed

Many such complimentary appeals as you made me have been addressed to me, but I have not felt I could avail myself of the honour done me for the last 20 years. Most truly yours, &c.

XVII.

Sister Mary Pia, was "Miss Giberne," often mentioned in Mr. Ward's *Life*.

The Oratory. Septr. 1. 1875.

My dear Lady Georgiana,—Thank you for your safe custody of the precious relic which you have now sent me. I am only sorry that dear Sister M. Pia should have put on you such a charge, when she might have sent it direct to me without troubling you.

Also thank you for your kindness in wishing to see me again: I am very seldom away from this place, but I will bear it in mind and will do my best, if I am at any time near you, to comply with a request which it would be so pleasant to myself to be able to fulfil. I am, sincerely yours, &c.

## SOME PEDDINGTON PEOPLE. V.

### THE SURPRISE.

#### I.

**A**UNT PRISCILLA must have been *nearly* a beauty in her youth; she was certainly a lovely old lady, and I suppose my Aunt Drusilla was plain. And yet—well: we never think them plain, the people we love best, and I wonder if I have ever loved anybody my whole life through better than my Aunt Drusilla?

In outward appearance, perhaps, she was not attractive, at first sight. Her taste in dress was negligible and her bonnets trying. There were no Lydia Languish lines in her figure, which was short and rather squarely built. She moved briskly but without grace. Her hair, as I first remember it, was abundant but grey, and strained back from her face in a tightly plaited, uncompromising knot. But it insisted on breaking into tiny curls on the temples, and when her little white teeth—they were so very little and so very white—showed in her "surprise" smile, and into her blue eyes—they were so very blue—came the look I pondered over but never as a child understood, I thought her face prettier than pretty Aunt Priscilla's. The day came when I did understand the hidden, self-revealing sweetness of my Aunt Drusilla's smile, and its quality of wistful reminiscence.

"Quality" is somehow the word for my Aunt Drusilla. In nothing was it more manifest than in her voice. In whatever irritating bonnet or inharmonious gown she had misplaced herself, a certain aristocracy was always audible in her voice, and her little ripple of laughter came, like her smile, as a very sweet surprise.

Yet she could speak sharply enough at times. As when, for instance, she apostrophized Sally Denton lingering too long over the flower vases when the weekly account books sat waiting to be "settled" or the pastry "got on with" in the kitchen. Cousin Sally lived with my Aunt Drusilla and was supposed to "feature" Great-grandmother Sylvester from whom Aunt Priscilla derived her fascinations. Certainly Sally Denton when she wore her broad black hat with the velvet strings tied under her chin was a rather irresistible person, but my Aunt Drusilla thought the strings took an unconscionable time in the tying. The portrait of Great-grandmother Sylvester,

in the highest of waists and the shortest of sleeves, with brown hair in curly bunches all over her head, hung in the little entrance hall at Morton, and her tiny china cups—crested—each on its exactly appointed hook, in the capacious china closet which was my Aunt Drusilla's pride.

"Yes, my dear," she would say, showing me the cups, "they are real Crown Derby, and I should be grieved for one of them to get cracked. I hope *you* will take care of them some day, Connie."

Or, standing below the portrait with my hand in hers: "*She* was the most beautiful woman I've ever seen, and your dear Aunt Priscilla is so like her. If ever you have a little daughter, Connie, you must name her Drusilla Sylvester after your great-grandmother. I've always been proud of my name. Yes, my dear, it's a foolish vanity, perhaps, but I have."

It lingers still in memory, that sound of her "Yes, my dear." It had all the ruminant sweet quality of her voice, as her "Good-bye, my dear," had all its wistfulness. We never liked saying good-bye to each other, she and I.

She was my childhood's friend. The boys always called her, without any scorn, "Connie's Auntie." And my father, a busy, overworked country doctor, did not, I fancy, entirely approve those long visits to Morton, which from the health and happiness point of view were so appreciated by my mother.

"You've got some roses now, Coddlekins," he would say as he lifted me out of the pony carriage on the return journey; "stealing, I call it! Why can't you get rosy cheeks in Peddington?"

And my mother would look at him out of her merry eyes with: "Jealous, John?"

I meditated over that "jealous."

"What's 'jealous,' Papa?"

"Ask your mother, Coddlekins. *She* knows."

"O—oh!" from my mother. "It's what your mother knows nothing about, Connie." Which was Gospel truth, though I fancy there were several middle-aged gentlemen in Peddington, whose youthful hearts those dancing eyes of hers had troubled, who might have better enlightened me. . . . "It's what your mother knows nothing about, Connie. And you needn't either. No nice Papas are jealous."

But my Papa *was* nice. So "jealous" remained an enigma.

I resolved to put it to my Aunt Drusilla, who untied for

me so many of childhood's psychological knots. I had a boundless faith in her unravelling power. I generally saved up my childish problems for a landing talk at Morton.

All the upper rooms of my aunt's cottage opened on to a big square landing, a delightful kind of upper hall, reached by broad shallow stairs from the tiny entrance hall below. Here my Aunt Drusilla often wrote letters on summer afternoons at an ancient oak bureau with twisted brass handles in one corner. A long and very old oak chest stood under the wide, stone-mullioned window.

I loved to kneel on that oak chest, my Aunt Drusilla close at hand writing at her bureau, and gaze out over the brown thatches of the village, the pinnaced tower of the fine Tudor church, the burnished copper-beech, solitary and magnificent, which stood in the Harrington's garden,—all silhouetted against the green background of wooded hill. Immediately under the window spread the sweet tangle of our own kitchen garden, where asparagus, scarlet runners and strawberry beds mingled with lavender bushes and, in their season, every procurable homely shrub and flower—pinks and roses, sunflowers and sweet peas, asters and chrysanthemums. Colour, even as a little child, had a message for me; satisfied or disturbed me, according as it harmonized or jarred with its surroundings. My beloved Morton picture was entirely satisfying. Even the lichened red roof of the little coach-house, where the fattest of ponies lived in a pampered peace, added its pleasing note.

The top step of the stairs was another favourite perch in summer time. Through the open entrance door below, the scent of the luxuriant lemon-plant climbing round it reached me; mingling with the warm glow of scarlet geraniums, crimson carnations, and the coolness of smooth green grass. Towards evening the sun, dipping behind the four straight firs marking the boundary of the Burtons' paddock, lent its splendid far-off pageantry and gave me illimitable dreams. I always fancied Heaven would be somehow like the sunset behind the Burtons' firs.

The Harrington and Burton children were my Morton play-mates, for my Aunt Drusilla disbelieved in the unrelieved society of grown-ups. Wilmot Harrington, Phyllis Burton and I were all about the same age, and made a sort of select inner circle of friendship. Phyllis was an extremely pretty child of the golden-haired, blue-eyed, cherubic type of beauty, and I cherished a private grudge against my own

dark colouring and discredited pale cheeks by contrast. The wisdom of my Aunt Drusilla's reticent remarks, moreover, that what we did, not how we looked mattered, failed to convince me. Oh, to look like Phyllis! continued to be my unappeasable desire.

Doggedly waiting my opportunity, I shot my "jealous" bolt.

"What's 'jealous,' Auntie?"

She didn't put me off. I knew she wouldn't. She treated my inquiry quite seriously, even with extra attention, I thought.

"What makes you ask that, Connie?"

"Well, Papa doesn't seem to like it when I get rosy cheeks at Morton. He says, why can't I get them at Peddington? And Mother said, 'Jealous, John?' And they didn't explain, either of them, so I thought I'd ask you."

For a moment my Aunt Drusilla was silent. She seemed to be thinking as she looked at a little double miniature of Aunt Priscilla and Uncle Robert which always stood in a corner of her bureau; Aunt Priscilla looking really rather like Great-grandmother Sylvester, with her brown hair hanging in curls, and her lips and eyes smiling.

"It's a very good and a very bad thing, Connie. Of course, Father and Mother were only joking with each other, that's a sign of how happy they are. But about jealousy, it depends on which sort you mean. You see there are two sorts, one is God's and the other is ours, and that makes all the difference."

"What's *our* sort of jealous?"

"When we want to have nice things all our very own and to take them away from other people."

I pondered this—uncomfortably.

"And what's God's?"

"God's is when He wants us to have things for our good and is hurt when He sees us throwing them away."

This was too complicated for immediate comprehension. Besides I wasn't so much interested in God's ways, and a certain illuminative idea struck me with sudden and unpleasant clarity.

"Like when Wilmot gave the first primrose to Phyllis, not to me?" I hazarded.

"Yes," said Aunt Drusilla promptly. "That's quite a good explanation, Connie."

"It's a nasty feeling," I admitted. "It makes you al-

most hate the people you love. I think I love Wilmot best, Auntie; better than I do Phyllis."

My Aunt Drusilla's low little laugh broke out at that. Yet, as she took my hands, she looked at me very seriously with a look in her eyes I had never seen before. It was as if she might be crying a little without tears, yet smiling all the time.

Then she said, stroking my hair back from my forehead:

"It's the very worst feeling any child or man or woman can have, Connie. A very wise man says it is cruel as the grave and so it is. You wouldn't like to be cruel to Wilmot, would you, or Phyllis, because you love them; but especially not to Wilmot because you say you love him best? Now let me try to tell you what the good kind is like—God's jealousy. What God wants is that we should be good, because He knows that we can only be really happy when we are good. And He does so want us to be happy because He loves us. So when He sees us doing wrong it hurts Him, He is jealous, because He sees we are hurting ourselves. You see it just goes in opposites, God's jealousy and ours. He wants us to have happiness. We want to take it away. His jealousy is love. Ours is hate. His is kind. Ours is cruel."

That night when she came into my little room next her own to kiss me good-night she knelt down by my bedside and slipped her arm under my head.

"And when you find that cruel feeling taking hold of you, Connie, say a little prayer for Wilmot. You wouldn't like to be cruel to him, would you, if you love him?"

## II.

I remember it was just after my twenty-first birthday when an event occurred which thrilled the talkative little village to its core.

It wasn't altogether a surprise, though the thing climaxed suddenly, when Dr. Thomas Burton, Phyllis's uncle, a widower with ten children, one an infant, proposed that Cousin Sally should look after him and them. I don't suppose he put it quite like that; widowers in the acute stages of domestic difficulty don't. Moreover, Sally's broad-brimmed hats had been unusually irresistible that summer, and in a flowered muslin she wore with not entirely "unpremeditated art" perhaps, she might have been any age short of her five and forty.

It was really an excellent arrangement all round. Children



always took to Sally, who certainly never paused for a word, or indeed an action, whenever a chance for doing a kind one presented itself. Further, her attachment to and knowledge of coughs and colds, ointments and liniments was a passion, for the exercise of which the wheezy Burton children were likely to provide unlimited opportunity. To live in actual proximity to a surgery, within the odour of drugs; to have a large flowery garden and a husband all her own suited Sally admirably. And the doctor, who was a man with an eye for a pretty frock and liked a little feminine effusiveness, had not, report said, found entire satisfaction for these innocent desires during the life-time of the late Mrs. Burton.

So we had a subdued but picturesque wedding in the dear old church, Phyllis as bridesmaid attracting even more attention than the bride; and every mother and child who had been saved by Sally's syrups or soothed by her sympathy crowded the churchyard in mingled excitement and benediction.

Afterwards Aunt Drusilla and I—she looked sweet on the wedding day, in a lavender bonnet Sally and I designed and forced her into, with old gossamer lace on the brim and her whitening hair loosened beneath it—settled down at the cottage together.

"Will you come, Connie? They can spare you quite well at home, and you shall go on with your music and whatever else you like. Will you, child? It'll be dull, perhaps, but if you don't mind looking after an old woman——"

Would I? I threw my arms round her and hugged her.

"You know!" I said. "I'd like nothing in the world better. But how about the drawing-room vases and the village coughs?"

"A lot of unnecessary time spent over both. Yes, my dear, *wasted* I used often to think. Sally will have her hands full now with something really useful and not nearly so many opportunities for gossip."

But I thought it likely that, lacking these, Cousin Sally would find time for their manufacture.

Soon after the wedding Phyllis announced her intention of going in for a course of nursing.

"You never know what you may want," she said. "Every woman should have a profession, and there are too many of us doing nothing at home. Uncle Tom could get me on at Guy's or Bart.'s perhaps. D'you remember that nice young house-surgeon who came down with him one week-end? I talked it over with him."

Aunt Drusilla, knitting busily in her low chair by the window, darted a little "wireless" to me over the top of her spectacles. She "remembered" too.

"Oh!" continued Phyllis, "have you heard the latest about Wilmot? But of course you have. Though we only heard last night. Father met old Mr. Harrington at the Churchwardens' meeting and he told him."

"What is it?" said Aunt Drusilla with some sharpness. Something about Phyllis evoked that militant note in my Aunt Drusilla's voice usually reserved for Cousin Sally.

"He's thinking of taking a sheep farm in the Falklands and means to start soon—says there's nothing in England worth putting your back into. You know what Wilmot's like. Always in such a fever to do more than other people. I can't see why."

She rose in leisurely and graceful fashion as she spoke. The sunshine pouring through our western window touched her beautiful hair to purest gold. She was smiling charmingly as at some happy knowledge peculiarly her own. Something horrible had me by the throat as I looked at her. Something so fierce and overmastering that it frightened me.

"Why, there *is* Wilmot," she exclaimed, glancing out across the lawn. "He seems to be coming in and I must be off. Good-bye, Miss Sylvester. Connie, you're much too pale again. This hot weather doesn't suit you."

She fluttered downstairs and reached the little lichened wooden gate just as Wilmot Harrington put his hand on the latch. I watched them as one watches figures in a play. Absolutely detached and apart from me, I felt them to be acting some drama of momentous significance, upon the following of which every power of my body, soul, and spirit seemed concentrated.

I watched them as they stood there by the little grey-green gate, standing myself quite silently and still. Wilmot was bareheaded, head and shoulder taller than she, straight and bronzed, every inch a man; smiling in his half-deprecating way at something she was saying. The sun, still high above the firs, drowning the carnations and roses in a flood of palpitating radiance, irradiated them as they stood. She was looking up at him laughingly, with the look eyes like hers can hold a man's heart with. Then I saw Wilmot open the gate for her to pass through, and I watched them stroll away down the lane towards Phyllis's house together.

When I turned from the window the room was empty. Aunt Drusilla's knitting was lying on the chair, the needles stuck in the wool. I had not heard her go.

To stay in the house was intolerable. Every breath suffocated. Like a desperate, hunted creature, I stole out through the kitchen garden and made for the wood on the hill.

The cool green shadowy copse was quite solitary when I reached it. I thanked God for that. I could not have borne another human presence. Alone, I had to face something that was quite unbearable, yet which had to be borne. Something which had me in a grip like Hell. Something which shut me out from Heaven. Something which, unknowingly, had dominated all my life and which now sprang from the hidden places of my heart to break and murder it. Love had come to me as a relentless, consuming passion; a torrent of resistless, destructive desire. To possess Wilmot Harrington's love, to possess it for myself alone; to sweep away, to annihilate, all obstructive forces, to crush every opposing claim—that was how love sought me that summer night upon the hill.

Again I looked upon that scene in the garden, every line and hue of it—Wilmot smiling down—those laughing blue eyes looking up—those two in that flood of gracious sunshine standing among the glowing flowers.

I stretched out my arms on the ground and hid my face in them to shut it out.

When I sat up the sun was sinking below the horizon in a beatific splendour of purple-grey and gold, and the long summer twilight was fading into night. And with it the darkest hour of my soul's night was passing too. Something had touched me as I lay, face downwards, beneath the merciful trees. Out of the mists of childhood, a voice had echoed. Cooling hands were laid on my burning forehead.

"When that cruel feeling takes hold of you," the voice whispered, "say a little prayer for Wilmot. You wouldn't like to be cruel to him, would you, if you love him?"

Fragments of all she had said out of her tender heart came back to me, and I knew myself, and my love for what it was. Not love, indeed, but hate, cruel as the grave and poisonous.

Again, in another light, I saw his face; his dear grey eyes, looking not at me but another; but dear, and true, and truthful all the same. And my heart lost its torment as I prayed

God to bless him, and, if he loved her, the woman whom he loved.

And that was how Love found me that night, in the copse, on the hill.

### III.

When I re-entered the cottage, the deepening dusk filled all the rooms. I went upstairs into the room I had left those hours before. . . .

Someone came to meet me out of the shadows. It was Wilmot. It was still light enough to see his face. A new Wilmot came out of the shadows, with a look imploring yet possessive, and full, full of love.

"Constance," he said as he eagerly took my hands—they were shaking as I realized that amazing face of his—"Connie, didn't you *know*? I was coming to tell you—to ask you—Oh, Connie, didn't you *know* that I loved you?"

But the knowledge that reached me thus was all too overwhelming.

First there blazed about me a great light. Then a swift-coming darkness blotted out the world.

I suppose I fainted.

When I woke up, Wilmot was kneeling on one side of me and objects that resembled Aunt Drusilla and a glass of water hovered uncertainly in the foreground.

I drank the blessed draught in a blessed dream and held out my still shaking hands to them, laughing.

"Dearly beloved," I said, "*don't* look so ridiculously frightened, both of you. I'm not dead. I'm very much alive."

And then, I believe, we all three laughed. For it *was* ridiculous.

That night when he had gone—he took an absurdly long time going—Aunt Drusilla and I sat out on the landing. The moon had risen, and in the white ethereal light coming through the uncurtained window all objects were clearly visible.

The moonbeams struck the silver edge of Aunt Priscilla's miniature standing on the open bureau, and my Aunt Drusilla took it up, holding it in her hand silently.

"You can imagine how pretty she was when a girl of about your own age, Connie, can't you? Even you can remember the colour of her lovely hair. And her cheeks were like apple-blossom in May. Your Uncle Robert was a handsome man too; they were an unusually handsome pair. . . ."

She put back the portrait, with a caressive touch, and took my hand and kissed it softly.

"I am so glad, dear child, about you and Wilmot. I've seen how things were for a long time. I knew you loved each other, though neither of you perhaps realized how much. . . . And to-night . . ."

"Well, what about to-night?" I said, feeling that to-night was already fully packed with incidental matter.

"Well, my dear, I was determined nothing should come between you and Wilmot. When he returned, as he very soon did, and found you gone, I had a little talk with him. Sometimes—things happen to young people in love, hard to put right after or to understand at the time, though everything, I think, works out right if we love God. When I was a girl, my dear . . . Yes, I'll tell you, Connie; I've never told anybody else, not even my dear mother. When I was a girl, I loved your Uncle Robert, and I *think* he loved me—I have reasons for thinking so. But I found out—it doesn't matter how—that your Aunt Priscilla loved him too. So I went away for a bit; I couldn't have your Aunt Priscilla's heart broken. . . . And when I came back, I saw how things might go with a little management, so I went away again. And . . . it was quite easy to manage, after all. Robert thought I didn't care and your Aunt Priscilla was made so happy. I remember the night she told me so well. She was radiant. . . . I knew I had done right, though it was rather hard at the time. And it has been a happy marriage; they are all dear boys and girls, your cousins. And I have been happy, too. And now you and Wilmot, please God, will be very happy, and I shan't have to say good-bye yet awhile, as he says the Falklands farm won't be vacant for another year, at least, and perhaps he won't settle there finally, after all. Yes, my dear, everything, I think, works out right if we love God."

But we never said good-bye to each other, she and I, till that last good-bye which she whispered in my arms. Her body sleeps in the old churchyard under the hill we loved so well. Her soul—I like to follow in fancy the soul-life of my Aunt Drusilla; to believe, and faith does not forbid the comforting assurance, that it still touches—and blesses—my own.

MARY SAMUEL DANIEL.

# MISCELLANEA

## I. CRITICAL AND HISTORICAL NOTES

### PRAYER BEADS.

ONE of the most puzzling of the many problems which surround the early history of the Rosary is undoubtedly the question of the beads themselves, the mechanical apparatus by which the prayers were counted. As Father T. Esser, O.P., pointed out in a very valuable paper read at the Fribourg International Catholic Congress of 1897,<sup>1</sup> it seems necessary to suppose that some device must have been adopted for this purpose before the end of the twelfth century. Large numbers of *Pater noster*s were said by the lay-brothers (*conversi*) of the monastic orders, and also by penitents.<sup>2</sup> To take a definite example, the ancient customs (*Consuetudines antiquiores*) of Cluny, compiled by Udalric in 1086, enjoined that on the death of anyone who belonged to their prayer federation every priest should offer Mass for his soul, and everyone who was not a priest should say fifty psalms, or, if illiterate, should recite the *Pater noster* fifty times. Again, in the earliest redaction of the rule of the Knights Hospitalers, drafted between 1125 and 1153 by Ramond du Puy, it is directed that when one of the brethren dies "every cleric should recite a psalter for him and every lay member of the Order should repeat 150 Paternosters."<sup>3</sup> It would, it seems to us, be very difficult to keep a correct record of 150 Paters upon one's fingers. Still more difficult would it be to carry out some of those other prayer counts upon which Father Esser does not touch. As early as the year 782 Pope Hadrian I., in granting a confirmation of possessions and privileges to the monastery of St. Apollinaris in Classe, stipulated that after Matins and again after Vespers the monks should repeat the acclamation *Kyrie eleison* three hundred times for the expiation of his (the Pope's) sins.<sup>4</sup> One cannot help suspecting that these acclamations

<sup>1</sup> "Zur Archäologie der Paternoster Schnur" in the *Compte Rendu*, Vol. I. pp. 329—381.

<sup>2</sup> Migne, *P. L.*, Vol. CXLIX. p. 776.

<sup>3</sup> J. Delaville Le Roux, *Cartulaire Général des Hospitaliers*, Vol. I. p. 66.

<sup>4</sup> See Jaffe-Löwenfeld, *Regesta*, n. 2437, "pro remissione peccatorum nostrorum monachi trecentos kyrie eleison exclamare debeant."



were meant to be made with prostrations, or profound inclinations, after the Greek manner. But be this as it may, there can be no doubt, as I lately pointed out in these pages, that the more fervent souls in Celtic lands, as well as in the East, had early adopted the penitential exercise of making prostrations (*veniae*) "a certain calculated number of times" (*certis vicibus et dinumeratis*), in the words of Walafrid Strabo, amounting in most cases to a hundred or a hundred and fifty, often to several hundreds.<sup>1</sup> Down to the present day in various monasteries of Russia and Greece this practice is still carried on, and for the purpose of counting these prostrations a long string of beads or knots is employed. The difficulty is to ascertain how far back the use of such an apparatus extends. Amongst Mohammedans and Buddhists it is certainly very much older than the tenth century. When did strings of beads first come to be employed for counting the prayers of Christians? In the East we have, of course, the oft-cited example of the hermit Paul in the fourth century, though he did not use a rosary but counted his prayers by dropping pebbles. It is moreover probably worth while to point out that this story attracted attention at the other end of Europe, for Bishop Adalgerus recounts it in writing to an anchoress named Nonsuinda about the year 950.<sup>2</sup> However the first clear example of anything that can be called a rosary in the West is that of the Lady Godiva of Coventry, the wife of Earl Leofric, of whom it is recorded that she had "a circlet of gems, which she had threaded on a string in order that by fingering them successively as she began one prayer after another, she might not fall short of the proper number." Further we learn that, although she had already in her lifetime bestowed all her treasures on the Church, she directed, when at the point of death (A.D. 1080), that the circlet should be hung round the neck of the statue of our Lady. "But what," asks the chronicler, "do you suppose the value of the gems was? You should know that they are appraised at one hundred marks of silver."<sup>3</sup>

One naturally wonders whether this device was peculiar to the Lady Godiva, or whether it was in common use before her time. There is nothing directly to tell us, but there have been certain archæological finds in the course of past years

<sup>1</sup> See THE MONTH, May, 1916, pp. 446 seq.

<sup>2</sup> See Migne, P. L., Vol. 134, p. 929.

<sup>3</sup> See William of Malmesbury, *Gesta Pontificum* (Rolls Series), p. 311.

which suggest at least the possibility that such necklace rosaries were of older date and used by others besides the lady in question. To take one example: there was found at Desborough, in Northamptonshire, in 1876, a gold necklace (so it is officially described) which lay disconnected near the head of a skeleton.

It consists of 37 pieces, viz. 17 barrel-shaped or doubly conical beads slightly varying in size and made of spirally coiled gold wire, two cylindrical beads of similar make which have been connected with clasps, nine circular pendants of gold, convex on one face and flat on the other, eight gold pendants of various shapes and sizes set with garnets and suspended by loops of delicate work . . . and lastly a gold cross which formed no doubt the central ornament of the necklace.<sup>1</sup>

Other stones similarly mounted *en cabochon*, with loops of gold to enable them to be strung on a cord, have been discovered in other places, and it is noteworthy that in connection with one set of these, found in a tumulus on Roundway Down, Wilts, a small gold pendant occurs also marked with a cross. The suggestion has been made that all are relics of Romano-British Christianity, belonging to the fifth century, just before the coming of the Teutonic invaders from the Continent; but the more common opinion regards the "necklaces" as of Anglo-Saxon workmanship, and in that case, as Professor Baldwin Brown admits,<sup>2</sup> "it is hard not to discern Christian significance" in the two crosses of which we have spoken. If it should be objected that these strings of stones are in any case much older than the time of Lady Godiva, it may be answered that the practice of genuflexions goes back to the days of St. Patrick, and that as early as the time of St. Boniface (c. 750) the multiplying of Paters had created a Latin verb *patere*, from which our present word "patter" is ultimately derived. "If a man cannot say so many psalms but still is willing to recite Paters (*si vult minus psallere tamen vult patere*), let him prostrate himself in an oratory 100 times in succession, and say, 'Be merciful to me O God and forgive me my sins.'"<sup>3</sup>

Under these circumstances attention may be directed to another archæological puzzle in which we are tempted to

<sup>1</sup> *The Victoria County History—Northampton*, Vol. I. pp. 237—238. This precious necklace now finds a home in the British Museum.

<sup>2</sup> Baldwin Brown, *The Arts in Early England*, Vol. IV. pp. 424—427, and Vol. III. plate 81.

<sup>3</sup> Haddan and Stubbs, *Concilia*, III. p. 431.

recognize a primitive counting apparatus for prayers. Hitherto it has been commonly described as a scourge or discipline, and was found in 1774 with other objects, notably a chalice and a tiny silver box (? for consecrated oil) marked with a cross.

It consists [we are told] of a double-plaited silver chain of Trichinopoly pattern looped in a large glass bead at one end and at the other divided into four short chains, terminating in knots. Seven plaited slides of silver wire are placed at intervals and the total length is  $21\frac{1}{2}$  inches. There can be no doubt that this formidable instrument was intended for penitential purposes, and it would be difficult to find another of the kind, at least in such perfect condition.<sup>1</sup>

To us we must confess it seems unlikely that silver would be used for such a purpose; also the four "tails" are too short, they would inevitably bunch together in using the implement as a scourge. Moreover the use of seven "slides" merely to keep the strands together is quite unnecessary. A more probable solution is that these "slides" were originally intended to separate wooden beads all threaded on this plaited silver chain. The beads have perished, but the silver slides and the terminal bead of glass still remain. The four tails may also have been equipped with beads and may have served the same purpose as the counters on some Buddhist rosaries.

Still another and more certain example is that of St. Godric (c. 1150). We know that he possessed *lapides calculares* to count his prayers with, though we are not told whether these stones were or were not threaded on a cord. It will be noticed that all these examples are English, and yet another possible early instance in this country seemed to be furnished by the Corpus MS. of the *Ancren Riwele*, which uses the word "turn" in such a way as to suggest that it possibly denoted some sort of rosary or counting apparatus. But no one of the seventy-six senses of the substantive *turn* recorded in the great *Oxford English Dictionary* favours this explanation, nor does the French version in MS. Cotton, Vitellius F vii; while the text itself, as has recently been shown, is of much later date than we supposed when we originally wrote about the extract from the Corpus MS. fourteen years ago.<sup>2</sup>

One circumstance which has perhaps contributed to obscure

<sup>1</sup> *Victoria County History—Cornwall*, Vol. I. p. 376.

<sup>2</sup> See *THE MONTH*, July, 1903, pp. 95—97.

such early references to prayer beads as may lurk in pre-Dominican literature is the absence of any recognized name by which to call them. The term which eventually prevailed in French, German, Italian, Spanish, English, and even Welsh was "paternosters" (French *patenôtres*, Welsh *baderu*, etc.), implying clearly that the earliest use to which such apparatus was applied was to count Our Fathers.<sup>1</sup> The first clear example the present writer has come across of beads used to number Hail Marys occurs in a curious story told by Cæsarius of Heisterbach. Writing in the year 1222 or 1223, this Cistercian monk gives an account of a priest who had died some years before (*ante aliquot annos*). He had been first a Benedictine, then *suadente diabolus* had left the Order, afterwards repenting he had become a Præmonstratensian, had again gone back to the world, and finally joined the Cistercians at Hemmenrode. Here he died very penitent. In the illness which preceded his death he showed much fervour, "at one time reciting the psalter, at another time praying, at another time saluting the Mother of God," *i.e.*, saying Aves.<sup>2</sup> The rest must be given in Latin: "Habebat enim quasdam ipsius *salutationes*, sine quibus nec vigilans nec dormiens inveniri poterat, quas ante horam exitus sui collo suo ipse circumligavit, in testimonium grandis fiduciæ et bonæ spei suæ." This may best be translated: "For he had a certain pair of beads of hers, from which he would not be separated either sleeping or waking, and which before his death he tied round his neck in testimony of his great trust and good hope."<sup>3</sup> It seems quite clear that *salutationes* must mean the material string of beads. Just as the English word "bead," which originally meant a prayer, was transferred to

<sup>1</sup> The manufacturers of rosaries were called in nearly all languages "paternosterers," and already in Paris about 1268 there were four flourishing guilds of these artificers. Paternoster Row, near St. Paul's Churchyard, was so called because the paternosterers congregated under the shadow of the cathedral. Indeed Salesbury in his Welsh Dictionary (1547) writes: "When I call to remembrance well the face of the corrupted religion in England, at what time Paulus Churcheyarde in the citie was occupied by makers of alabaster images to be set up in the churches; and they of Paternoster Rowe earned their lyving by makying of Paternoster bedes only; they of Ave-lane by selling Ave bedes, of Crede lane by making Crede bedes," &c.

<sup>2</sup> "Modo psallens, modo orans, modo S. Dei Genitricem salutans." That this means saying Aves no one familiar with the literature of the period will dispute. See THE MONTH, Feb. 1913, p. 169, note 3, and 175, note 4, and cf. H. Isuard, *Miracles de la Vierge Marie* (1888), p. 19.

<sup>3</sup> Cæsarius, *Dialogus Miraculorum*, Bk. XI. ch. 13.

the instrument by which the prayers were counted, just as *Pater noster* originally meant the formula but was afterwards used to name the mechanical apparatus, so Cæsarius in 1222 has no better word by which to describe a string of knots or berries for numbering Aves than by calling them *salutationes*.<sup>1</sup> If the word *turn* in the *Ancren Riwe* had meant a sort of rosary, that would have been an early example of a device for counting Aves, but now that the *Ancren Riwe* passage is in any case assigned to the year 1225 or even 1235, this German story of Cæsarius becomes the first instance on record of the use of a string of beads to number Aves in honour of the Mother of God.

H. T.

#### ANGLICAN ORDERS AGAIN.

UNDER the title of "The Repentance of Rome" the *Church Times* for March 16th announces that Benedict XV. is proposing to open again the question of the validity of Anglican Orders. The basis of this rumour is said to come from Washington, where a story to that effect was "put into circulation some weeks ago." The *Church Times* acknowledges that this story has excited only "a languid interest" in Anglican circles, but it is clear from the tone of its article that it is itself by no means disposed to take only a languid interest in the suggestion, and it proceeds to argue that it is quite a likely thing that the present Pope is so minded, and it explains to its readers that the Popes when they realize the mistakes they have made constantly go back on their past acts in this way, though, being a Supreme Court of Appeal, they resemble other supreme courts in not liking to revoke their judgments formally, but know how to resort to devices which enable them, under the cover of reaffirming these, to revise their application to concrete matters.

Of course there is the old assertion that Anglicans do not need for their own sakes any such measure on the part of Rome, since for them it is "axiomatic" that their Church is an integral part of the Catholic Church, whence it follows of necessity that their ordination rite is valid. But it acknow-

<sup>1</sup> It may be well to remember here the curious statue of Blessed Charles the Good, who died A.D. 1127, in Bruges Cathedral. This is a copy of an older statue and it has round its neck a string of beads divided into fives. The picture was copied in *THE MONTH*, April 1901, p. 390.

ledges that, if this revisory process is in fact instituted, their party "will watch it with interest," and under the thin disguise of this affectation of *insouciance* it is easy to discern an eager desire for the tempting fruit thus held out to them by their imaginations. That this is natural we do not deny, and among Anglicans of the class which is represented by the *Church Times* it is likely to outlive all discouragements and deceptions of false hopes. But there is another class of Anglicans, who have their hearts fervently set on reunion, and are disposed to face its problems not in that spirit of unreasoning obstinacy which the *Church Times* writer calls "axiomatic," but in the determination to find out the real truth, and when found to embrace it and adhere to it. To these we would address a word, assuring them that there is no foundation whatever for such a notion as that the present or any future Pope will go back upon the decision which Leo XIII., following in the footsteps of more than one of his predecessors, so solemnly pronounced in terms which, in his letter of November 5, 1896, to Cardinal Richard, then Archbishop of Paris, he declared to be firm, fixed, and irrevocable (*firmas, ratas, et irrevocabiles*). It would be quite inconceivable to any well-instructed Catholic that a *dogmatic* judgment so described by the Pope who issued it should ever be set aside, nor will it ever be set aside, either in itself or in its application to the facts.

Moreover, though this definition of 1896 was not solicited by Catholics, but was the outcome of an investigation urged upon the Pope by some French ecclesiastics under the influence of certain Anglicans, we Catholics have reason to be grateful that this investigation took place, for it issued, not merely in a clear and irreformable definition, but likewise in one which, advancing beyond the precedent of previous papal pronouncements on the subject, published the reasons on which its decisions were based, declaring at the same time that these were the self-same reasons which had motivated its previous judgments, and guided its dealing with the Orders in question from the days of Queen Mary downwards. These reasons then, we now know not merely from the application of theological principles to the case as we did before but on official authority, were in the first and chief place the lack of any form of words accompanying the imposition of hands in the Edwardine rite (by which these Orders have been given all along), to determine the material



ceremony of imposition of hands to the collation of this Order or that from among the Holy Orders themselves, or from confirmation, or such ceremonies as the reconciliation of penitents, or, as Dr. Lingard puts it, from the admission of a parish clerk. Thus the Bull, following in this the Papal decisions that anteceded it, finds, it should be noted carefully, in Anglican Orders the most radical defect which is conceivable. It has been suggested by some Anglican controversialists that their rejection in the reign of Mary, which they admit is certified by the Letters of Julius III. and Paul IV., together with those of Pole to his suffragans, was due to the erroneous belief held in those days that the matter and form of Holy Orders consisted in tradition of the instruments and the accompanying words, as they are found in the rite of the Pontifical, ceremonies which are palpably absent from all forms of the Edwardine Ordinal. But that this motive dictated their rejection by the above-mentioned authorities is a purely gratuitous suggestion. With the knowledge which the Holy See certainly had, long before the publication of Morinus's work, that among the Orientals imposition of hands with a suitable form of words to determine its meaning as conferring a particular Order, was the only ceremony employed, it is extremely improbable that it should have taken up the position that a similarly constructed ceremony would be *certainly* invalid in the West; and hence similarly improbable, that, if the Edwardine rite had conformed to this Eastern pattern, which it did not, they should have rejected it absolutely, as they did, instead of merely requiring its ordinations to be supplemented by a conditional ceremony; as we know, and as Leo XIII. says, was the immemorial custom of the Roman Church in similar cases. But before any question could have arisen as to the necessity of tradition of the instruments, there must have arisen the question whether they had any rite at all sufficiently determinative, and it was on this that their case broke down. The Bull also meets two other Anglican pleas, namely, that the lack of determinateness in their form itself is supplied by the text of their rite as a whole and by the intention with which it is administered; for it replies that these two extraneous elements tell the other way.

Anglican writers have tried to make capital out of the neglect of the Bull *Apostolicæ curæ* to ratify the arguments against their Orders which have been drawn by many Catholic

writers from the improbability of Barlow, the chief consecrator of Parker, having been consecrated himself. But this omission has not surprised Catholic theologians, for they knew and had freely acknowledged beforehand, that the evidence for the lack of episcopal consecration in that prelate, though with the course of time and further investigation it has grown stronger, could never attain to that certainty which is proverbially hard to reach in proving a negative; and when the invalidity of the rite itself had been effectually proved and defined by the Bull, it became superfluous, and hence contrary to the traditional procedure of the Papal, as much as of every other judicial tribunal, to pronounce upon the argumentative value of this other deficiency in the Orders of the Anglican Church.

S. F. S.

## II. TOPICS OF THE MONTH

### Revolution in Russia.

Other belligerent countries have postponed their plans of reconstruction—the readjustments of social life which the war has shown to be necessary for national welfare—until the war is over. Russia could not afford to wait. The monstrous anachronism of despotic and irresponsible government had become impossible in a struggle, the main inspiration of which is the love of liberty. And so what France, over a century ago, accomplished in years of bloodshed and terror and crime, has been achieved in Russia during the inside of a month with comparatively little disturbance or loss of life. Russia has had long to wait for freedom. Only in 1861 were the serfs emancipated, only in 1905 was the germ of a Parliamentary constitution planted, only the other day when the Duma, mistrustful of the bureaucracy, defied the Imperial Ukase and did not dissolve, did democracy become a reality. With the appointment of the Provisional Government by the people's representatives and the adhesion of the Council of the Empire and the Army, the supreme power passed in a few short days from a corrupt and irresponsible bureaucracy based on espionage, terror, and violence, to what promises to be a full-fledged democratic system with an elective head. The suddenness of the change was no less extraordinary than its fundamental character. Most of us knew that the internal affairs of Russia were in a disturbed state, but so were those of France, and to some extent of this country also. But few realized that the Government, supported by a strong Court party, were practically engaged in betraying the Allied cause. If the Duma had not made its stand, the international mismanage-

ment of the food supplies by the Government might have caused the people to clamour for peace, or at all events have hampered recruiting and munition-making. It is now clear who was responsible for the persecution in Galicia in the early stages of the war, and for the continued denial of Polish and Finnish rights. The world is the purer for the overthrow of that vile combination of a selfish bureaucracy and a degraded State-bound national Church. Whatever be the general result of the war, for one of our Allies, at any rate, it has wrought deliverance.

**The Danger  
of  
Anarchy.**

But it is yet too early to gauge its full consequences. We cannot yet be sure that the Prime Minister was a true prophet when he wired on March 21st to Prince Lvoff that the Revolution was "the greatest service which [the Russians] had yet made" to the Allied cause. Rather, unless Russia's new-won liberty, in Mr. Bonar Law's apt quotation from Burke, has "wisdom and justice for her companions" the particular gain of the Muscovite may expose the rest of us to a serious danger. It is ill changing horses while crossing the stream, and that is what Russia perforce is doing. Will her new rulers be able to control the anarchic element which every revolution brings to the surface? There are signs in some of its proclamations that the lessons of the French Revolution, and of that evil little replica of the Terror recently produced in Portugal, have not been accurately remembered. And the ideals of licence and independence put forward by the Russian Socialist party have a strong resemblance to those of the ridiculous Braga. Unless the Provisional Government, which has begun by a rather indiscriminate gaol-delivery, can effectually restrain the pernicious propaganda of these anarchists the new-born Constitutional Monarchy or Republic will have its hands too full for anything but home troubles. If the 185 millions of emancipated Russians become persuaded by the anarchists that because tyranny is abolished law has gone too, they will not be much help in defending Christian civilization.

**The Downfall  
of  
the Holy Synod.**

Amongst the principles adopted by the new Russian Cabinet as the bases of its policy, No. 3 reads as follows:—"The abolition of all social, religious, and national restrictions." This may be taken as a definite repudiation by the Government of the persecution of Jews, Catholics, and Dissenters which was an integral part of the old régime. For this reason alone, supposing it made good, all lovers of freedom of conscience will welcome the Revolution. The intolerance of the Orthodox Church, as put into practice by the notorious Holy Synod, has been more responsible for European unrest than any purely poli-

tical cause. It has been one of the chief grievances under which the Poles have laboured: it has prevented union amongst the Slavs of the Balkans. The loss of the State's support and the headship of the Tzar will, whilst freeing the Orthodox Church from many restrictions, deprive it also of its principle of cohesion. We may expect to witness that common phenomenon in all religious institutions separated from the unity of the Catholic Church, an indefinite multiplication of sects. There are said to be already in Russia some 10 million dissenters from Orthodoxy. The brief relaxation from Orthodox pressure in 1905, that is after the Russo-Japanese War, resulted in numbers joining the Catholic or Uniate Church: it is to be hoped that this movement for reunion will now have free play.

**The Consent  
of the  
Governed.**

However the war ends, the downfall of autocracy in Russia portends its overthrow everywhere. Kings who, like Constantine in Greece and Ferdinand in Bulgaria, override their constitutional limits and treat their peoples like sheep have now become decidedly out of date. Hohenzollernism is doubly doomed. Set amid the democracies of Russia, France, and Italy, the Teuton will at length learn to assert his manhood and no longer be content with a Government which equivalently stamps its subjects with the brand of political incapacity. In this lies the hope of the world's peace. The principle that government of a civilized people cannot be really efficient, and therefore is not justified, without the consent of the governed has never been so widely recognized as it is to-day. It was actually quoted by the Secretary for India in a recent debate as the principle that should guide British rule in that vast dependency, which, together with the admission of Indian representatives to the Imperial War Conference, marks an immense step in advance. Students of politics have been quick to note the significance of this War Conference itself. It is an extension of the maxim that rights connote responsibilities. The component parts of the Empire, having been granted a voice in its government, must in future acknowledge as a duty what they have so nobly given unforced—their contribution to the burden of its defence. The substantial unity which became conscious of itself under stress of the German menace is now in process of finding formal expression. Confederation is in the air.

**Hopes  
for  
Ireland.**

It is this that makes many observers, of very various schools of political thought, so hopeful that the long-drawn tragedy of Irish misgovernment is coming to a happy close. The proposal to substitute a federal union for a legislative union—for this and not separation is what sane Home Rulers have in

view—is seen to be quite in keeping with the development of the Empire. It is notorious that the system of government introduced by Pitt has failed to justify itself. The Irish people as a whole have not prospered under it, like the Scotch in similar circumstances, nor have they ever acquiesced as a whole in government from Westminster instead of from College Green. It has made a large part of the Green Isle a green desert. The prospect of the abolition of this system brought Nationalist Ireland wholeheartedly into the war: suspicions of its re-establishment, engendered by a series of unfortunate incidents which we need not enumerate, has notably cooled that enthusiasm. Now the Government, which with all its reputation for energy and decision had raised immense hopes of the speedy removal of this obstacle to unity of effort, has abandoned its attitude of impotence, rightly called by Mr. Asquith “the bankruptcy of statesmanship,” and is tackling the problem anew, supported by the general desire of men of all parties for a settlement.

The main difficulty, as most people know in their hearts though few like to proclaim it, is difference of religion, or, ultimately, a rooted distrust, on the Protestant side, of men who profess the religion of Catholics. We believe that such mistrust is unfounded, that it is artificial, based on an evil, inveterate, hate-fed, tradition deliberately instilled into the minds of the young and supported by no evidence that will stand examination. It is not reciprocated by Catholics as a body. In this country we live at peace with our Protestant neighbours and have no quarrel with our (mainly) Protestant rulers. Here and there in Ireland active Protestant hostility provokes a certain reaction, but where that stimulus is absent, as generally in the south, the two creeds live and work together in amity. It is for statesmen therefore to face this difficulty, and, having ascertained on what grounds the Protestants justify their fears, show how unsubstantial are those grounds, or devise guarantees contingent on their reality. The objections drawn from economics are not our concern here, but all Catholics must resent the implication that the profession of their religion or the aims of their clergy must needs result in injustice and persecution.

**The Enemies  
of  
Union.**

In a controversy where light is the one thing necessary and heat always a drawback, the action of those who darken counsel and stir up animosity is a crime against the welfare of the State. Amidst much expression of goodwill in the Press this deplorable note is occasionally struck, as by a correspondent in *The Times* who wrote (March 2 1st)—“The Irish question is one of ‘breed’ and ‘creed.’ The Anglo-Saxon has never yet been, or would remain, the ‘under-dog’ in any community, much less

subject to a priest-ridden electorate such as the Irish." It is sentiments like these, reeking with racial arrogance and religious rancour, that stand in the way of unity and the settlement of this essentially Imperial question. Is it not time to drop these sneers at the Catholic religion and its priesthood? Catholics form no inconsiderable portion of the white population of the Empire. Why should they be insulted as inferior beings by their fellow-citizens? How deficient the writer of these impudent remarks is in historical knowledge, no less than in Christian charity and the true spirit of citizenship, may be seen in his dubbing Ulster, said to be the most Celtic part of Ireland, "Anglo-Saxon." One is reminded of the species Mr. Dooley collected under that genus.

But *The Times* to its credit does not now lend its pages readily to such exhibitions of political folly. For the quintessence of anti-Irish, anti-Catholic and, therefore in this connection anti-Imperial, virus we must turn to the *Morning Post*, whose contribution to the settlement takes this shape—

No Unionist would admit for a moment that Ireland had a right to have Home Rule because Ireland wanted to even if Ireland were unanimous. . . . British unity, British liberty, British prosperity—these are more important than Irish unity, Irish liberty, Irish prosperity.<sup>1</sup>

Here we have a plain and candid statement of the Prussian principle that if the enslavement of nation A makes for the prosperity of nation B, B has every right to make or keep A in slavery. One national entity may, in other words, be justly exploited for the benefit of another. Thus there is no higher law to which all nations are subject—the law, for instance, that forbids seeking one's own welfare by wrong-doing. We do not deny that this principle was formerly very prevalent in international relations; the point is that at this terrible crisis, when the whole civilized world has repudiated it, it is advocated nakedly and without rebuke in a leading English journal. There are no echoes, we are glad to say, in the rest of the press of this abominable doctrine. Rather do we recognize a widespread recognition of the fact that if Ireland's rulers could not govern her with proper regard for her liberty and prosperity, they would proclaim, by that very inability, that they had no right to rule her at all. Government is for the good of the governed: if it fails the pragmatic test, it stands self-condemned.

**Mammon**  
**versus**  
**Justice.**

It was this conviction that deprived the agitation, raised by certain cotton interests in Lancashire against an increased Indian import duty on cotton goods, of any moral force and secured the rejection of their amendment in Parliament. Stripped

<sup>1</sup> Quoted by *Catholic Times*, March 16th.



of all technicalities the demand of the cotton-traders amounted to this—that Indian industries should be crippled and Indian consumers taxed for the mere advantage, not of the nation at large, but of a certain class of merchants. This is precisely what *The Times* calls "our old conception of the Empire as a source of profit for England," which provoked the successful revolt of the American colonies and destroyed in the same eighteenth century the nascent industries of Ireland. It would have seemed the most natural thing in the world a hundred years ago. It is now, let us hope, a fixed principle of Government that each constituent of the Empire should be free to develop its own resources for the benefit of its own inhabitants without any vexatious artificial restrictions in the interests of any other part. That discrimination even within the Empire is necessary is, we think, a fact to be regretted. Tariffs are always odious, as being a species of warfare and tending to emphasize national differences. But if a national industry cannot thrive without a tariff no one can justly complain of a tariff being established. It is always within the competence of the civil authority, to decide, in the public interest, on what terms foreign goods shall be admitted into the country. And certainly, as far as India is concerned, it is time that the traditions of the East India Company should be finally swept away, and India governed primarily with a view to her own welfare.

**Obstacles  
to  
Spelling Reform.**

For many weeks a correspondence has been conducted in *The Times Literary Supplement* on the subject of simplified spelling. It arose out of a proposed system of phonetics for African languages, but soon embraced the whole question of the relations of written symbols to spoken sounds. Many writers found an easy task in pointing out the arbitrariness and abnormality of the present system: the difficulty comes when reforms have to be suggested. Certain limited reforms aiming at consistency would certainly be welcome, but in our opinion there are two obstacles, one intrinsic and the other extrinsic, which will always prevent the adoption of a thorough and scientific system of phonetics. The extrinsic difficulty is that a completely-revised, increased and modified alphabet would render all printed literature which employed the old system inaccessible except to those who knew both. As simplified spelling is designed to lessen the labour of learning, this would seem to be an unfortunate result. Of course, many of the classics might be reprinted in the new style, but how few out of all the multitude of books. And if other countries also reformed their spelling the same difficulty would be multiplied indefinitely. Again, a more radical and intrinsic obstacle against standardized phonetics is the impossibility of

standardizing the organs of speech. Unless everyone pronounces in exactly the same way, phonetic spelling will vary with the individual and his locality, and so the written symbol is bound to be conventional, except for those whose pronunciation it was designed or happens to represent. None of the learned men who engaged in this controversy seemed to feel the weight of these objections.

**Irish Priests  
and Emigration.**

A certain German Professor, Pokorny by name, has been writing a book on Ireland to assist those of his countrymen who may wish to "peacefully penetrate" that country after the war and would like to know what they will find there. Although *ex hypothesi* they won't find the British Government there, the Professor devotes a good deal of his space to a description of the iniquities of that Government, a task which circumstances must make very congenial. But a large part of the volume—and this it is which concerns us—is given over to an attack upon the Catholic Church and its alleged disastrous influence over the people. He describes it in the present "as one of the most powerful factors in draining the land of its best blood through emigration." Why? "Because the people will not endure its puritanical restrictions on their innocent enjoyments." We should like to be able to say that this preposterous charge is the characteristic product of a smoke-dimmed German study, but alas! it is the mere echo of the words of one who has since, we trust, learned better, Sir Horace Plunkett. In his well-meant but unfortunate book, *Ireland in the New Century* (1904), he adopted as one of his main theses that the misfortunes of Catholic Ireland were traceable to its religion. In particular, he made the ridiculous charge which the German Doktor repeats. The chapter in which he elaborated his theme had one very excellent effect: It called into being Monsignor O'Riordan's magnificent *apologia*, *Catholicity and Progress in Ireland*, a book, which for the width and soundness of its historical outlook and the force of its argument is well worth the study of all who wish to understand not only the Irish Question but also the ethos of the Catholic Faith. A chapter in this demolishes Sir Horace Plunkett's contention by showing the true causes of Irish emigration, causes which affected the Protestant north-east as well as the "priest-ridden" south and west.

**Catholica non  
Leguntur.**

How much scholarship has lost by the breach with the ancient traditions at the Reformation and the subsequent attempt, in a spirit of hatred of everything Popish, to evolve a philosophy and theology independent of "Rome" is becoming more and more recognized as illustrations multiply. Nor is it always the sciolists, the *vulgarisateurs*, that afford the illustrations. Scholars of whom

one would wish to speak with respect occasionally elaborate theories, in happy ignorance that their discoveries are commonplaces with Catholics. They are liable to share Mr. Chesterton's experience when he set about to construct a religion, viz., that Christianity had anticipated him. "I was always rushing out of my architectural study with plans for a new turret only to find it sitting up there in the sunlight, shining and a thousand years old."<sup>1</sup> It is Dr. Rendel Harris's new book—*The Origin of the Prologue to St. John's Gospel*—that gives occasion to these reflections. Dr. Harris has discovered the intimate connection between the Prologue concerning the "Logos," and the eighth chapter of Proverbs, wherein Wisdom is seemingly identified with a Divine Person. Because of the surface similarity of terms and assuming, as is the way of evolutionists, that this similarity necessarily indicates the fundamental connection of origin and product, he concludes—"The substitution of Logos for Sophia in the primitive Christology was little more than the replacing of a feminine expression by a masculine one in Greek-speaking circles." Whereupon *The Times* reviewer rather hastily concludes that "Dr. Harris is certainly right when he declares that the discovery that Jesus was known in the first century as the Wisdom of God will produce not a little motion among the dry bones of existing Christian tradition." The truth is that what is of value in Dr. Harris's speculations has long ago been familiar to Catholic scholars. If he had read *Les Origines du Dogme de la Trinité* (1910), by J. Lebreton, S.J., or Fr. Martindale's essay in *THE MONTH*<sup>2</sup> on "The Word of God: Pagan and Jewish Background," he would perhaps not have published his present book. Nay, if even he had known what is put before our children when preparing for their Oxford and Cambridge Local Examination in Sacred Scripture—the luminous account of the relation of St. John's Prologue with Proverbs viii, given at the beginning of Father Rickaby's school edition of the Gospel—he might have thought his discovery not so very epoch-making or bone-shaking. No one doubts that St. John had Proverbs viii. in mind, as well as much other sapiential literature, or that his immediate audience at Ephesus were abundantly familiar with all the theories, Hebrew and Greek, about God's Word. He did not, however, derive his conception of the Word from current philosophy, but stated the Divine Relations, correcting at the same time current speculations, in phraseology which his hearers would understand.

**Another  
Criminal Law  
Amendment Bill.**

The Criminal Law has to do with crime. Crime need not necessarily be sin nor sin crime, but often one and the same act is criminal as well as sinful, an offence against civil society no less than against God's law. Indulgence in sexual vice, always

<sup>1</sup> *Orthodoxy*, p. 224.

<sup>2</sup> December, 1911, January and February, 1912.

grievously sinful, is also criminal when it involves injustice or is public and scandalous. There is much legislation concerning it on the Statute Book, and the Criminal Law Amendment Bill now in Committee will add more. Whether it will be wise legislation is rendered doubtful by the reports of the debates in Committee, where there is some tendency to tolerate the double standard of morality, and where there is sometimes more anxiety to protect the sinner from the social consequences of his crime than to condemn it. Up to 1885, scandalous as it now seems, the law did not protect young girls beyond the age of 12. In that year owing to Stead's courageous agitation Parliament was shamed into raising the age to 15. (On the Continent it is 21!) Now it is proposed to raise the age to 16, with the further very important enactment that the plea of "reasonable cause to believe" the girl over that age shall not be admitted. The Home Secretary in charge of the Bill refused to accept the limit of 17 on the ground of the danger of men being blackmailed by children pretending to be over that age. For our part we feel no compassion for those who incur such a risk through indulgence in a shameful vice. Let them safeguard themselves by abstaining from sin. The odious presumption in all this Parliamentary reasoning is that sin of this sort is inevitable and, provided it does not pass into crime, of little account. The moralist on the other hand wants to end the sin, or at least to make the way of the public transgressor, man as well as woman, hard. The Bill is still in Committee, so we cannot yet judge what its final effect will be.

**True Notions  
of  
Liberty.**

We are always in danger of being the victims of mere phrases. How often do people dispute violently about education without settling what it means? In the same way men sometimes clamour and, indeed, fight for liberty, without being able to say in what way they are being unrighteously restricted or what they want freedom for. A very timely and stimulating essay on "Liberty," by the Rev. H. W. Clark, D.D., in the current *Hibbert*, does much to restore a definite impression to a much-defaced piece of verbal coinage. The author reminds us that the liberty we are all, Germans included, fighting for is not an end in itself but a condition necessary for the accomplishment of our real end—free service of God. We have to ask ourselves *from* what we want to be free and what we want to be free *for*. Mr. Clark answers—"For the development of personality along moral lines towards moral ideals"—after all a very cautious "non-sectarian" way of putting it! Absolute freedom is not possible nor really good for finite beings. We must seek to be free indeed, but only that we may be truly and worthily bound. "Freedom *from* has value only as it introduces

freedom *for* and freedom *to*." The gist of the whole matter is there: Tennyson sums it up in one pregnant line—"Our wills are ours to make them Thine."

This sound ethical teaching, however cautiously insinuated, is welcome in view of the prevalent notion that liberty means licence, and that therefore every restriction on licence is an attack on liberty. Even if it were, all decent folk would exclaim with Huxley—"The only liberty I prize is the liberty to do right: my freedom to do wrong anyone may have." Mr. Lacey, an acute but inaccurate thinker, cavils at St. Augustine's statement that "supreme liberty is inability to sin," which he misunderstands. If the inability is imposed from without, of course, there is no liberty, but if it is intrinsic, as in God Himself, it means such an essentially clear vision of good, and such a permanently willing adherence to it, that to decline upon evil is physically impossible. Our human liberty is not perfect in that sense, for our knowledge and love of God are both incomplete.

This ideal of liberty, be it noted, is applicable to classes and communities as well as to individuals. No State, for instance, has a necessary grievance in the fact that it is physically prevented from wrong-doing, for it ought, first of all, to feel bound by the moral fetters of conscience.

THE EDITOR.

### III. NOTES ON THE PRESS

[A summary survey of current periodicals with a view to recording useful articles which 1) expound Catholic doctrine and practice, 2) expose heresy and bigotry, and 3) are of general Catholic interest.]

#### CATHOLIC DOCTRINE AND PRACTICE.

**Creation**, the "Days" of [L. O'Hea, S.J., in *Irish Ecclesiastical Record*, March, 1917, p. 196].

**Single-Tax**, The [F. S. Betten, S.J., in *America*, Feb. 3, 1917, pp. 407, 432].

#### CATHOLIC DEFENCE.

**Bigotry in Chicago**: Archbishop Mundelein on [*America*, Feb. 24, 1917, p. 480].

**Donatists and Anglicans**: the positions compared [*Tablet*, March 17, 24, 1917, pp. 333, 366].

**False Decretals**: Fair non-Catholic account of ["The False Decretals," by E. H. Davenport (Blackwell: Oxford), v. *review* in C.B.N., March, 1917, p. 82].

#### POINTS OF CATHOLIC INTEREST.

**Canada** The Language Question in [A. Dugré in *Etudes*, March, 5, 1917, p. 556].

**Economics versus Ethics** in Ireland during the Famine [by Rev. P. Cahalane in *Studies*, March, 1917, p. 95].

**Education**: Catholics and future legislation [W. O'Dea in *Tablet*, March 17, 1917, p. 356].

**France**, War Orphans in [S. F. Smith, S.J., in *Month*, April, 1917, p. 289].

**Geological Time**. The Guesses of "experts" [Sir B. Windle in *America*, Feb. 24, 1917, p. 464].

# REVIEWS

## I—CHRISTIAN ARCHÆOLOGY<sup>1</sup>

**P**ADRE SCAGLIA is a Cistercian Father who has for long been personally engaged in excavating the treasures of the Catacombs and is known as the author of a larger work entitled *Notiones Archæologiæ Christianæ*, of which his present *Manuel* is regarded by himself as a French abridgment. In a short *avant-propos* this author tells us that in view of the favourable reception accorded by students to his *Notiones* he has been encouraged to compress the large mass of materials incorporated in the latter, into a single volume written in French, that it may be put into the hands of those who do not know Latin, and particularly that it may be useful for students of theology who have not the time or opportunity for consulting the larger works and yet need to be instructed in the general conclusions to which these archæological facts point, and which have so important a bearing on the study of positive theology. For this reason, too, we venture to recommend the present volume to our own students of theology, both those under tuition in the seminaries and colleges, and those outside who are drawn to the same study.

It is arranged on a simple plan adapted to the needs of beginners, and is accurate and scholarly, and moreover most lucid in its descriptions and expositions. Of the two parts into which it is divided the first gives what we may call the premises, namely, an account of the documentary sources, the Acts of Martyrs, the Calendars of different Churches, the Martyrologies, the *Liber Pontificalis*, the Itineraries (ancient guides to places of pilgrimage), the Sylloges (*i.e.*, collections of epigraphical inscriptions made in the sixth or later centuries when many of the inscriptions were extant which are now lost or preserved only in broken fragments which latter they seem to complete and authenticate); the Authors (*i.e.* investigators like Parvini, Bosio, Marchi, de Rossi, Wilpert, and many others), who have contributed so remarkably to the work of

<sup>1</sup> *Manuel d'Archéologie Chrétienne*. Par le Père Sixte Scaglia, Cistercian. Avec trois cent reproductions dans le texte et deux hors texte. Turin: Pierre Marcetti. Pp. lxi. 455. Price, 12 fr. 1916.



exploiting the *data* contained in the sources that have been enumerated. This chapter on the sources is followed by one on the idea of Christian as distinguished from Pagan burial or the nature of the Roman cemeteries, on the nomenclature and architecture appertaining to them, and on the juridical status which they possessed under Roman Law. Next comes a longer chapter which gives compendious accounts of the different catacombs at Rome, and some other regions in or out of Italy, with notes indicating what is of interest about each. This chapter may be said to furnish the data to which for their interpretation the principles specified in the two preceding chapters are to be applied. It is succeeded by chapters on Epigraphy and Art as found in the Catacombs, their paintings, their sculptures and their tombs of martyrs; on the method of ecclesiastical administration by which the Christian cemeteries were regulated, and on the relation of this to the ecclesiastical titles or parochial districts of the city; on the churches as they existed before and after the time of Constantine, together with an instructive though summary description of the ecclesiastical architecture of the Middle Ages, of the Byzantine, Roman, and Gothic varieties; and again on the ornamentation of the Basilicas.

The first part of this volume bears to the second the relation, if we may so style it, of the body to the soul; for the title of the second is "Dogmas as indicated by the primitive monuments of the Church."

[When we speak of] our archæological theology, says Padre Scaglia, let no one be astonished at the expression. We have been occupying ourselves with the department of history, and we must keep to it. Only we must take note that archæology does not consist simply in the material description of the monuments and the determination of their epoch. . . . In studying the paintings and statues of the Etrurian tombs, of the temples and tombs of Egypt, of the bas-reliefs of Greece and Rome, have we not for our definite aim, to seize the artistic or epigraphic expression of a whole order of ideas in which are revealed to us often the mentality of a people, of its history, of its chief preoccupations, and sometimes of a whole moral and religious system which gives its best approval to the study of history. . . .

We quote this paragraph because it lays down so clearly the character of archæological theology, that is, of the department of theology which proves the antiquity of the dogmas of

the Catholic Church by the testimony rendered to them in these archæological facts taken, not as mere isolated personal facts, but as in their own fashion giving the expression of the beliefs and aspirations of those early Christian centuries. Padre Scaglia classifies this doctrinal evidence under the headings of God and Mary, the Sacraments, the Hierarchy, and the Last Ends, and he has much that is valuable to communicate on the testimony of the Catacombs to all these doctrines, but particularly we may refer the reader to his conclusive inference from the discoveries bearing on the Roman cultus of SS. Peter and Paul.

Particularly interesting is the section in his Appendix in which he gives an account of a quite recent find in the Platonía of the Catacomb of S. Sebastian in the Appian Way. It was in this Platonía that, according to a long-established tradition for which there was some documentary foundation, the bodies of SS. Peter and Paul had been temporarily laid for some reason not clearly determinable. It was ascertained by D. Paul Styger and D. Onorio Fasiolo, who conducted these excavations, that the Basilica of S. Sebastian had been built over the ruins of some previous construction part of which seems to have been a painted chamber belonging to a villa of the time of Augustus. A wall in this part, of which only the base remains, and of which the surface was painted a deep red with a blue band and a hedge of reeds to represent a garden many *graffiti* had been scratched, of which the seventeen most legible all are addressed to Peter and Paul, asking for their prayers, or stating that alms and other kinds of commemoration had been made in their honour by the authors of the *graffiti*. If it were necessary to add more to the already overflowing proof of the Roman apostolate of the two great leaders, these might be cited for that purpose. But they are at all events conclusive proof that the bodies of the two great Apostles did lie for a space of time in this place, and that the faithful honoured them there and sought their intercession. The Appendix also contains a table of the Christian Pontiffs with their places of burial, of the Consuls and Roman Emperors from the time of Nero to the year 546; also a table exhibiting in parallel columns the data bearing on the contents of the Roman cemeteries furnished by the early Itineraries.

---

2.—STRENGTH OF WILL<sup>1</sup>

MANY books have been written with the object of explaining the nature of the Will and its relation to the conduct of life. Father Boyd Barrett protests that he has no wish to compete with them, but only to supplement them in regard to one point which they mostly pass over. They are written on the education of the Will but they do not suggest a practical method of will-training, and this last is what he himself aims at supplying. Accordingly the essential part of this little book is to be found in the graduated exercises which are drawn up with the object of enabling the exercitant, as Father Barrett calls him, first of all by systematic introspections to recognize where his will comes into view, a thing which the majority of men fail to observe; secondly, to heal the maladies of the will, such as hesitancy, impulsiveness, changeableness, inertia, incapability of effort, over-activity, emotionalness, indecisiveness; thirdly, to strengthen and perfect the habit of will-power which exercises of the second mode of introspection have begun to form. All of us, when we have occasion to suspect that we are suffering from one or another of these maladies are attracted by the idea of overcoming them. But is it possible to overcome them by any system of training that is within one's reach? Father Barrett contends that experience shows that his system can be made practically efficient, and it is to this practical end that the three categories of his exercises are directed. But it is by considering his concrete examples that we shall best judge of the potency of his scheme. The following is the illustration he offers of an exercise with an educative tendency. First, let the exercitant form a resolution as definite as possible: *i.e.*, "Each day for the next seven days I will stand on a chair, here in my room, for ten consecutive minutes, and I will try to do so contentedly." On the first of these ten days he times himself to continue in this exercise from 10 A.M. to 10.10 A.M., during which interval he carefully watches his feelings and sensations, to detect *how far his will enters into the exercise*, and at the end of the ten minutes he records the result of his introspections in his Note Book. Thus on the first day he records, "Exercise a

<sup>1</sup> By E. Boyd Barrett, S.J. London: Longmans. Pp. 263. Price, 4s. 6d. net. 1916.

little strange and unnatural. Had to smile or cross arms, and stand akimbo in order to feel contented. Time went quickly and pleasantly. I found it hard to keep willing contentment and doing nothing. Of course I had distracting thoughts, *e.g.*, What would this experiment lead to? Would any one come in? The ticking of my watch was annoying. I felt very free doing my own sweet will." On the fifth day he records "Task passed quietly; a little tedious and tiring. Mental satisfaction felt in fulfilling resolution . . . It struck me as a distraction how important it is for us to be aware of our own will-force and will-power, in such matters as keeping resolutions. It increases self-confidence, self-reliance, and helps us to face the work of winning self-control more bravely."

A specimen like this, unless it records one's personal introspections and records them completely does not adequately convey what is meant, but all we can do in a notice like this is to introduce the reader to the subject and leave him to study it for himself. Let us give an instance of a curative specimen, which indeed offers more scope for estimating the value of the method. In selecting an exercise of this class the exercitant has first to consider which of his defects he wishes to take in hand. Father Barrett supposes it to be that of over-impetuosity. To meet this he resolves that each day for the next ten days he will calmly and deliberately, without haste, replace in a tin box one by one a hundred small bits of cardboard. This he finds very hard indeed. "It seems to me impossible to act calmly and without haste—even when moving slowly my actions are jerky and impetuous. I see my impetuosity and impulsiveness—a heated excitability in my will and temperament." This difficulty persists through the ten days, but towards the end leaves him with the sense that he is making progress in overcoming it. On the sixth day he records, "Task was quiet, slow, monotonous and very hard. I watched my hand working slowly and said how strong my will is and how much my hand is subject to my will . . . A steady resolve to fulfil my task fills my mind."

It will occur to many on reading these exercises to think them too trivial, and say surely some exercise which has a utility of its own apart from its utility for will-training would be preferable. But this is just what Father Barrett warns his disciples against thinking. "People will naturally sug-

gest," he says, "as a good type of task, to spend five minutes every morning at Sandow's or Müller's exercises of bodily training. No doubt such exercises indirectly benefit the will . . . but what we want is to build up will by willing and not by bodily development. For this reason our tasks should have no ulterior practical object. They should be trivial and useless for all other purposes except the one sole purpose of will-training . . . The element of practical advantage in a task would ruin it from the point of view of will-development."

There is a good deal else in the book which casts light on this question of the will, its nature and capability of being trained, but we have said enough to show what kind of utility can be derived from the study of it. One thing, however, we must not omit to emphasize. Training the will to overcome its defects and weaknesses is something distinct from its training in the strictly ethical sense. A man may by self-cultivation acquire the power of being firm and fixed in his resolutions, but yet may utilize this talent to resist and oppose tenaciously the claims of morality and religion as regards the proper use of it. What will-training, in the sense of this book, does then is to form an instrument which, according as it is used well or ill, may aid or injure a man from the point of view of religion.

### 3—THE FRENCH JESUITS, 1830 TO 1845<sup>1</sup>

THIS volume is a Centenary book, or part of one. Such publications are not always important; but in this case the Centenary is not only that of a notable Religious Order, but also that of an even wider revolutionary movement, to wit, the nineteenth century anti-clerical agitation. Anti-clericalism is rampant in both the hemispheres, but serious students have hardly yet begun to take stock of its origins and its ravages. When they do, Father Burnichon's volumes will be found to form an excellent introduction to its history.

The first and larger half of the volume treats in the main of domestic Jesuit history, and throws new light on many still familiar names, such as de Ravignan, Villefort, Fouillot and Varin, as well as Ratisbonne, Crétineau-Joly and St. Acheul. Much is edifying, much is curious, as the details about the

<sup>1</sup> *Histoire d'un Siècle, 1814—1914. Tome Deuxième. Par Joseph Burnichon, S.J. Paris: Beauchesne. Pp. 735. Price, 8 fr. 1916.*

infiltration of the philosophy of de Lamennais in the General's Curia before the election of Father Roothaan. The Jesuits in France, when this second volume opens, were in difficulties, having been oppressed first by royal ordinances of the Restoration, then by the furies of the revolution of July. But matters gradually improve a great deal: the college of Brugelette in Belgium proves a success, though a foundation in Spain is overwhelmed, and so too the college at Friburg in Switzerland, mainly through the *brigue* of Thiers, who appears throughout the volume as the master mischief-maker.

The history then reaches matters of ever-widening interest. In 1840 the efforts of the Catholics to obtain "liberty of education" reached their highest development, and Father Burnichon here tells us many fresh details. The Catholics, especially those of the provinces, became more and more insistent, while the liberals, who had been the advocates of liberty at the Restoration, became the infuriated defenders of University "Monopoly." Some Jesuit Fathers, Pères Cahours, and especially Deschamps, took a strong, nay excessive part in the strife. The Professors of the *Collège de France*, in particular MM. Michelet et Quinet, were not slow in declaring open war in return, and soon the Paris press, especially the *Journal des Débats*, were flaring with acrimonious attacks on the Order, while the Professors, by lectures and pamphlets reopened every ancient quarrel, and gave new currency to every forgotten libel. Eugène Sue, in the *Constitutionnel* published, as the *Roman-feuilleton*, his novel, *Le Juif errant*, which had a prodigious sale, both then and in subsequent times of crisis.

The government of the July Monarchy were inclined to be fair, but they were fatally weak, and by consequence unable to control the situation, which was becoming more and more threatening. Indeed as we look back at it we see the Revolution itself was soon to regain the upper hand. At this moment Guizot bethought him of the expedient of pressing the Pope to remove the Jesuits for the time, and in effect M. Rossi, the French agent to Rome, eventually agreed with Father General Roothaan that some houses should be closed *pacis causa*. It was a strange and unwelcome compact, but, as Father Burnichon shows, one demanded by the dangerous situation. The peril was thereby avoided for the moment, though with painful consequences to the Order, and without



permanent benefit to the body politic. Affairs thenceforth would flow straight and calm into the revolutionary cataract ahead. The story is full of lessons for Catholics everywhere, but especially of course for those of France.

---

#### 4—THE CHURCH AND SCIENCE<sup>1</sup>

IF all Christians were truly scientific and all Scientists were truly Christian, the conflict between Science and Religion would never have arisen, and such volumes as this important work of Professor Windle's would have been devoted merely to pointing out how wonderfully the facts of physical science harmonized with the facts of revelation and what light and leading were to be derived from the latter to inspire and direct scientific speculations. But theologians clung too long to *à priori* methods, which were the only ones possible before science began to exist, and the high-priests of science have often been foolish in proclaiming their independence of revealed truth, especially when, leaving investigation and classification, they have turned to theorizing. The fact of the conflict illustrates the limitations of the human mind, so keen in pursuit of truth but so exposed to the deflections of prejudice. Given zealous but unscientific theologians entrusted with a deposit of inestimable value, and given irreligious and militant physicists, ignoring that deposit and unfettered by any sense of responsibility, distrust and disagreement were inevitable, and when one reflects further that the minds of both sides were hampered with the necessity of interpreting sense impressions through such an inadequate medium as human speech, one is not surprised that the work of a writer who is both Christian and scientific should have largely to be devoted to clearing up misunderstandings and showing where theologian and scientist alike have, in their zeal, gone beyond their proper spheres. Such a work has often been attempted before more or less successfully; it is safe to say that no one has ever approached the task with a better equipment drawn from both camps than the distinguished author of the book under review.

<sup>1</sup> By Sir Bertram C. A. Windle, President of University College, Cork. London: Catholic Truth Society. Pp. xvi. 415. Price, 7s. 6d. net.

Professor Windle, then, has in mind Catholics who are disturbed by the pretensions of "agnostic" science and non-Catholics, who start with the assumption that the Church is "reactionary" and out of date. His book will comfort the former class and confute the latter. Whether they will acknowledge their prejudices and revise their convictions will much depend on the degree of intellectual honesty to which they have attained. No one makes greater parade of this virtue than your rationalist: few really possess less of it. Happily the bumptious dogmatic agnostic of the mid-Victorian era is now nearly extinct; he may be found mainly amongst the little group of *esprits forts* that write for each other's encouragement in the *Literary Guide*: but there are a vast number of half-educated folk who in default of refutation are apt to take these gentlemen at their own value. To these Professor Windle's book will be a revelation. Here is a man in the foremost ranks of the scientific world, who knows at first hand, so to speak, all that physical science has to say about the universe, who has faced all the difficulties caused by the seeming contradictions between the Book of Nature and the Book of Revelation, yet who, like Kelvin and Pasteur before him, finds the truths of Christianity in no ways gainsaid, but rather all the better established for the revolutionary discoveries of science. Step by step the Professor proceeds, from a careful definition of his terms and a statement of the need and scope of his inquiry, to the constitution of matter and the universe, the "laws" of nature and what may interfere with them, the observed facts of geology, anthropology, physiology, the origin and problem of life, evolution, Mendelism, and finally to the nature of man. Throughout he distinguishes between fact and theory—an obvious distinction yet constantly overlooked—and traces carefully the limits of ascertained fact and divine revelation. Unlike many scientific writers, he turns, when dealing with matters outside his own proper province, to those who are experts in those particular subjects, and we have the assurance that the "sections dealing with theological and philosophical matters have been carefully examined by more than one competent critic." We venture to think that many non-Catholics will be surprised at the liberty of speculation allowed by a Church which they have been accustomed to regard as forging fetters for thought and arbitrarily interfering in spheres that do not concern her. On the other hand the Catholic, secure in the

fact that God, whether He speaks through the Church or through Nature, cannot contradict Himself, will realise that he fearlessly follows whithersoever the evidence leads. In fact he is the better equipped because of revelation to investigate physical truth. Whoever, for instance, believes in the Resurrection and in the Real Presence has a knowledge of the potentialities of matter far beyond what is ascertainable in the laboratory.

The Catholic Truth Society is to be congratulated for its enterprise in publishing so large a volume at such a time, but the venture is perfectly justified, for no other publication of the society so comprehensively fulfils its aim as does this. Its price unfortunately puts it out of reach of the multitude, though our modern munition-worker might well put it on his shelves; all the more reason that Catholic ratepayers should see that it gets into public libraries and that it should appear on the prize-lists of our schools.

## SHORT NOTICES

### THEOLOGICAL.

**PÈRE LABAUCHE'S** *Leçons de Théologie dogmatique*, the second volume of which has been translated under the title **God and Man, Vol. ii. Man** (Kenedy and Sons: \$1.50), has apparently for object that popularizing of theology which is the aim of our familiar *Hunter's Outlines*, and the work of Wilhelm and Scannell. The first volume, which is in preparation, takes in the treatise *De Trinitate, De Verbo Incarnato, De Deo Redemptore*: the present deals with *De Justitia Originali, De Peccato, De Gratia, De Novissimis*. The treatment is positive and eclectic. The writer takes no sides in debatable questions and frankly declares that he thinks the solution of the Thomist-Molinist question impossible. The style does not make for popular reading, some acquaintance with theological ideas and terms being presupposed. And the translation, so far as we have tested it, seems decidedly free. It would have been better we think, for the sake of layfolk, to abandon the text-book arrangement with its rigid theses and proofs. What is the use, for instance, of stating "All men are destined to occupy one of two places in eternity, heaven or hell," and then immediately contradicting that statement in a footnote proving the existence of Limbo?

### APOLOGETIC.

The French Church abounds in admirable apologetic treatises adapted to every grade of intelligence and education. M. l'Abbé L. Prunel has added another to their number in the first volume of his **Cours Supérieur de Religion—Les Fondements de la Doctrine Catholique** (Beauchesne: 4.00 fr.). Here the Existence of God, the fact of Revelation, the Divinity of Christ, are discussed with lucidity and force, especial regard being had to modern objections, particularly those of Renan, and to the history of religions.

Père Th. Mainage, O.P. who has written a valuable book on the psycho-

logy of conversion, has no doubt been led by that fact to study the reverse process—the back-from-Rome mentality. Anyhow, he has brought together in his Catholic Institute lectures very useful matter, which he styles **Le Témoignage des Apostats** (Beauchesne: 4 fr.), and which consists of a study of the lives of certain typical renegades. He has no difficulty in showing the unbalanced character of these men, their one-sided development, their spiritual defects, and how their lapse is in itself an evidence of the sanity of the system they abandoned.

#### HOMILETIC.

The Rev. Reynold Kuehnelt has followed up his *Conferences for Boys* by publishing a companion volume—**Conferences for Young Women** (Herder: 6s. net), containing sound and simple instruction, old-fashioned only in the sense that it represents the traditional doctrine of the Church.

We hope that the modern multiplicity of sermon-books points to a demand on the part of the public and not merely to the need of keeping the printing-machines going. If the clergy alone are in view, they must by this time be amply provided for. Such books as **Brief Discourses on the Gospel for all Sundays**, etc. (Pustet: 5s. net), translated by E. Leahy from the German of Rev. P. Seeböck, O.F.M., must surely be a drug on the market. There is no grace of style or profundity of thought in these matter-of-fact utterances; no personality showing through them, although there is no question of their moral earnestness.

#### DEVOTIONAL.

A great variety of homiletic flowers go to fashion the offering which the Rev. J. G. Daley entitles **An Altar Wreath** (Flynn and Co.: 5s.). But all were worth twining in the garland, for the preacher has the gift of eloquent expression, and what he treats of is revealed truth.

There is a good deal of devotional feeling, not always expressed with theological accuracy, in Miss R. E. Priestley's **Splinters of the Cross** (Longmans: 1s. net)—reflections on physical and psychical sufferings, which show how pain passes into gain when associated with the sufferings of our Lord.

The risk of routine and consequent mechanical performance in constantly repeated actions affects, as we know to our sorrow, even our worship of God. Anything, therefore, like **A Companion for Daily Communion** (Blake and Son, Toronto: 2s. net), which helps to free the supreme act of union with God from this danger is sure of a welcome. The "Sister of St. Joseph," who is responsible for these various considerations, acts and petitions, has succeeded in producing a very useful little book.

Similar praise on similar grounds may be given to **Benedictus Qui Venit** (Longmans: 6d. net), a new Prayer Book for Mass composed by Father W. Roche, S.J. A great variety of new prayers are here provided in language suitable for the young, which are intended to stimulate personal intercourse with the Divine Victim.

The *Spiritual Exercises* end with a "Contemplation to obtain Divine Love." Father Francis Cassilly, S.J., has taken the idea of this contemplation and expanded it into a beautiful book called **The Story of Love** (Herder: 3s. 6d. net), wherein the completeness and minuteness of God's affection for His creatures are skilfully developed with the aim of arousing an answering glow.

Mrs. Blundell's **Little Pilgrims to Our Lady of Lourdes** (Burns and Oates: 3s. 6d. net) originated from her telling her own child the story of Bernadette and the Apparitions. So, though the tale has been expanded

and is now addressed to a larger and older audience, there is a certain simplicity about it which makes it a very suitable book for the young.

#### HISTORY AND BIOGRAPHY.

It is a common reflection that no age knows its really great men. A certain aloofness in time is necessary to form at any rate a right comparative estimate of any generation. This is especially true of moral greatness. The wonder-working Saints that profoundly impress their contemporaries are relatively few. Besides these there are numbers of saintly souls whose fame in life does not spread beyond their immediate surroundings and whom God elects to glorify by miracles only after their death. To vindicate the Church's Note of Sanctity, Father Francis Breyman, S.J., compiled a record of modern holy persons which has been translated with the title **The Holiness of the Church in the Nineteenth Century** (Benziger: \$ 1.75) by Father C. Kemp, S.J. This kind of saintly "Who's Who" consists of brief biographies of those who have died in repute of sanctity during that century and whose cause has been introduced. There are 174 confessors in all (111 men and 63 women) of whom one has been canonized and eleven beatified. The number of martyrs runs into many thousands; of these 114 have been beatified. The book is well provided with indexes and lists of authorities.

But the holiness of the Church might still be shown, even though no *cultus* or process of beatification existed. Wherein it consists is indicated by a history like that of **The Venerable Louise de Marillac** (Simpkin, Marshall and Co.: 10s. 6d. net), foundress of the Sisters of St. Vincent de Paul, which Alice Lady Lovat has recently written. It is a long book, but not too long to exhaust the interest of its subject. To no Religious Order is the parable of the Mustard-Seed so closely applicable as to the Sisters of Charity. From the tiniest and humblest of beginnings the Congregation has grown, till over 30,000 White Cornettes are scattered all over the world, doing wonders for God and the salvation of souls. Into the story of the Venerable Louise, the attractive personality of her Director, St. Vincent de Paul, naturally and largely enters.

Devotion to the English Martyrs will be much stimulated by the booklet, **The One Hundred and Five Martyrs of Tyburn** (Burns and Oates: 1s. net), to which Dom Bede Camm furnishes an Introduction. It contains brief biographies of the Martyrs, a description of the shrine in their memory, which occupies the room underneath the chapel of Tyburn Convent, a list of the relics preserved there and an account of the Congregation, now under the rule of St. Benedict, which since 1903 have had charge of this sanctuary.

#### FICTION.

Those who remember the appreciative critique of "Jean Nesmy" which Miss E. M. Walker contributed to **THE MONTH** in December 1914 will welcome the translation that she has lately made of some seven of his short tales—**A Parcel for Heaven and other Stories** (Sands: 3s. 6d. net), for they illustrate very happily his characteristic charm, very thoroughly French and Catholic.

In "**Behold and See**—" (Hurst and Blackett: 6s.), Lilith Hope has chosen a situation which only the most careful and delicate treatment could make other than repulsive. This treatment has been accorded in the main, but we feel that the heroine in the conflict between her loved ideal of chastity and the instincts awakened by involuntary motherhood chose a course which was lawful indeed but which was not the highest. The author apparently is not a Catholic, but the Catholic attitude is treated with understanding.

## POETRY.

Though disguised as a school-book with Introduction, Notes, and Glossary **Some Minor Poems of the Middle Ages** (Longmans: 2s. net), compiled by M. G. Segar and E. Paxton will interest more than the student of medieval English. Miss Segar, who writes the Introduction, rightly claims that this selection shows that Chaucer's England "was not an arid plain in which he stood alone, a towering peak, [but] a pleasant and fruitful country."

The author of *The Angel in the Sun* has published another large volume of verse called **The City of Sarraz and other Poems** (William George's Sons: Bristol), full of deep religious feeling and often happily expressed. But this exuberant growth would be the better at times for the pruning knife.

## MISCELLANEOUS.

By the publication of Parts 17 and 18, containing mainly indexes and statistical tables, Messrs. Washbourne have brought their great enterprise—the production of Dom Kuhn's **Roma**—to a successful issue. The whole book in fascicules costs 22s. 6d.: the publishers announce the price of the volume, handsomely bound, to be 30s. Containing 744 illustrations in the text, 48 plates and 3 maps, excellently printed and got up, it provides a great fund of information, ancient and modern, concerning the Eternal City.

The Catholic Social Guild have revived and brought up to date one of the most useful of their publications, Father Thomas Gerrard's **The Church and Eugenics** (C.S.G.: 6d. net). Eugenics is an ambiguous term and under cover of it many immoral propositions are advanced. It behoves us therefore to know what the influence of the Church is in regard to true eugenics, and what are the principles on which the false must be met and resisted. This is what Father Gerrard's lucid little treatise furnishes.

A play by Mr. Louis Walsh—**The Guileless Saxon** (Gill and Sons: 1s. net)—illustrates the faculty which Irishmen have of satirizing themselves. The little comedy is amusing, if somewhat sordid, and poetic justice of a sort overtakes the chief delinquent.

The only fault about John Ayscough's **The Compleat Protestant** (C.T.S.: 6d. net) is that it is not complete, that the incoherences and inconsistencies so playfully and so shrewdly satirized are only a few out of a large multitude. But they are typical of Protestant mentality, which is nothing if not illogical and vague.

A second edition of Father Barry O'Neill's **Clerical Colloquies** (Herder: 4s. 6d. net) which we reviewed so recently as last January, shows how widely these bright and thoughtful little essays are appreciated by those they most concern.

## WAR BOOKS.

A war book *par excellence*, to which, if **THE MONTH** had not been the original vehicle of its production, it would be our duty to devote several pages, is John Ayscough's **French Windows** (Edward Arnold: 5s. net), styled in this periodical *French and English*. Our readers will readily recall the delicate psychological insight, the penetrating pathos, the genuine spirituality, of these vignettes of the war, seen directly and described with unerring artistry or reflected in the experience of a multitude of characters, British, Flemish, even German, but mainly French. Of many books it has been said—"this is not "occasional" but of permanent value": of few could the phrase be used with greater truth than of this touching and beautiful volume. If Catholics, especially those who have the care of youth,



are alive to the claims of literature as well as to their own interests, they will see to it that these stories are in all their school-libraries and on all their prize-lists.

A little Latin treatise in strict scholastic form which has the appearance of a proposition submitted for a degree, written by G. Cañero, may in a sense be termed a war book, for it is entitled *De Romani Pontificis munere pacificandi et sociandi nationes* (Pontifical Press: Rome, 1 lira). The these to be proved is thus asserted:

The function of pacifying and uniting the nations in mutual harmony belongs to the Roman Pontiff: and this function makes emphatically for the perfection of human society.

Both parts of the proposition are proved by arguments drawn from various sources, extrinsic and intrinsic, and the whole has great cumulative force.

#### MINOR PUBLICATIONS.

**The Child and the War** (King and Son: 1s. net), by Cecil Leeson, Secretary of the Howard Association, is a valuable statistical study of the causes of juvenile delinquency and contains as well suggestions which are "palliative and constructive," but which, inasmuch as they merely recommend giving the child some useful work or recreation so as to avoid the dangers of uncontrolled idleness, do not go quite to the root of the matter. Give the child a thorough Christian education, and the rest will follow: leave him morally a savage, and other remedies are merely palliatives.

The "unrestricted submarine warfare" of the Huns has caused Professor A. Pearce Higgins, a well-known lecturer on International Law, to examine the question of defence. The result is an instructive booklet entitled **Defensively-armed Merchant Ships and Submarine Warfare** (Stevens and Sons: 1s. net), which establishes the illegality of the German practice and the right of traders to defend themselves as against pirates. The conclusions taken for granted in a recent MONTH article on "The Freedom of the Seas" will here be found established by strong legal precedents.

The most generally interesting paper in the last issue (Feb. 22) of **The Catholic Mind** (America Press: 5 c.) is Father O'Hare's "South American History," wherein he shows the sources of most of the anti-Catholic libels against that great Continent, and urges Catholics boldly to undertake its defence. Father Spalding discusses the finances of Catholic Colleges. Mr. J. Kilmer advocates in the spirit of St. Paul a collective boycott of newsagents that deal in indecent literature. A note disposes, on Protestant testimony, of the famous saying attributed to Luther—"I cannot do otherwise."

A good many useful penny pamphlets have come from the C.T.S. **Are You a Bible Christian?** is an *argumentum ad hominem* showing what belief in the Bible really involves in respect to conduct, to faith, and to Church membership. It is a telling piece of apologetic. **Wayside Crosses and Holy Images**, by Father S. Smith, S.J., is a re-issue of a pamphlet on the honour paid to symbols, specially revised in view of the growing number of war-shrines erected by non-Catholics. **The Kulturkampf**, by Mr. Humphrey Johnson, recalls, in timely fashion, Bismarck's endeavours to subject the Catholic Church to the State, a useful illustration of the logical outcome of German State theories. **Marriage and Divorce**, by Dom J. E. Kendall, O.S.B., is a plain and clear statement of Catholic doctrine. **The Ebb and Flow of Scientific Opinion**, by Sir Bertram Windle, repeats a caution, which is as necessary as ever, against erecting hypotheses into dogmas in matters physical.

Two pamphlets are published by the Manchester Branch of the C.T.S. —*The Latin Tradition* by the Bishop of Clifton, which shows the results to British civilization of the breach with Rome, and two papers on *Shakespeare and the Catholic Church* proving that, in the case of the great poet, that tradition had lost little of its influence.

Messrs. Browne and Nolan have issued at 2d. in Gaelic certain Devotions for the Rosary with the text transliterated on the right-hand pages.

## BOOKS RECEIVED

(Reviewed in present issue or reserved for future notice).

- AMERICA PRESS, New York.**  
*The Catholic Mind.* Vol. XV., No. 4.
- BEAUCHESNE, Paris.**  
*La Témoignage des Apostats.* By Th. Mainage, O.P. Pp. xii. 440. Price, 4 fr. *Pensées Chrétiennes sur la Guerre.* By Jules Lebreton. Pp. 78. Price, 1 fr. *En Face de la Douleur.* By A. Eymieu, S.J. Pp. 67. Price, 1 fr. *Une Fondatrice au XIX<sup>e</sup> siècle.* By G. du Bourg. Pp. vi. 288. Price, 4.00 fr. *L'Autorité dans la Famille et à l'Ecole.* By F. Kieffer. Pp. vi. 487. Price, 5.00 fr. *La Dévotion au Sacré-Cœur de Jésus.* By J. Bainvel. 4<sup>e</sup> édit. Pp. xv. 624. Price, 5.00 fr.
- BURNS & OATES, London.**  
*The One Hundred and Five Martyrs of Tyburn.* By a Nun of Tyburn Convent. Pp. 103. Price, 1s. net.
- CAMBRIDGE UNIVERSITY PRESS.**  
*Bengal, Bihar and Orissa Sikkim.* By L. S. S. O'Malley. Pp. xii. 317. Price, 6s. net. *Church Ornaments and their Civil Antecedents.* By Rev. J. Wickham Legge. Pp. xvi. 96. Price, 6s. net.
- CATHOLIC TRUTH SOCIETY, London.**  
*Several Penny Pamphlets.* *The Church and Science.* By Sir Bertram Windle. Pp. xvi. 415. Price, 7s. 6d. net. *The Complaint Protestant.* By John Ayscough. Pp. 62. Price, 6d. net.
- CHAPMAN & HALL, London.**  
*The Bird of Life.* By Gertrude E. M. Vaughan. Pp. 309. Price, 5s. net.
- CONSTABLE, London.**  
*German and English Education.* By Rev. Francis de Hovre, Ph.D. Pp. 108. Price, 2s. 6d. net. *Permanent Values in Education.* By Kenneth Richmond. Pp. 136. Price, 2s. 6d. net.
- EDWARD ARNOLD, London.**  
*French Windows.* By John Ayscough. Pp. vii. 296. Price, 5s. net.
- GILL & SON, Dublin.**  
*The Science of Ethics.* By Rev. M. Cronin, M.A., D.D. Vol. II. *Special Ethics.* Pp. xii. 691. Price, 15s. net.
- HURST & BLACKETT, London.**  
*"Behold and See."* By Liliith Hope. Pp. 294. Price, 6s. *The Pope's Favourite.* By Joseph McCabe. Pp. viii. 334. Price, 6s.
- LONGMANS, London.**  
*Benedictus qui Venit.* By Rev. W. Roche, S.J. Pp. xii. 74. Price, 6d. net. *Sponsa Christi.* By Mother St. Paul. Pp. xv. 112. Price, 2s. 6d. net.
- KING & SON, London.**  
*The Child and the War.* By Cecil Leeson. Pp. 69. Price, 1s. net. *The Church and Eugenics.* By Father Thos. Gerrard. Pp. 57. Price, 6d.
- MACMILLAN & Co., London & New York.**  
*Distributive Justice.* By John A. Ryan, D.D. Pp. xviii. 442. Price, \$1.50.
- ROBERT SCOTT, London.**  
*The Reserved Sacrament.* By Rev. Darwell Stone. Pp. 143. Price, 2s. 6d. net.
- S.P.C.K., London.**  
*A Study in Christology.* By Rev. H. M. Relton, D.D. Pp. xxxv. 278. Price, 7s. 6d. net.
- STEVENS & SONS, London.**  
*Defensively-Armed Merchant Ships and Submarine Warfare.* By A. Pearce Higgins, M.A. Pp. 56. Price, 1s. net.
- TÉQUI, Paris.** *Le Bienheureux Louis-Marie Grignion de Montfort.* By Mgr. Laveille. Pp. xx. 440. Price, 5.00 fr.
- WASHBOURNE, London.**  
*Loreto and the Holy House.* By Rev. G. E. Phillips. Pp. xi. 193. Price, 2s. 6d. net. *Captains of Christ.* By C. C. Martindale, S.J. Pp. xi. 196. Price, 1s. 6d. net.

